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# SWISS SCENERY

FROM

DRAWINGS

BY

MAJOR COCKBURN. [James Pattison]



THE TOWER OF WYTELL AT ALTORF.

London;

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1820.

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TO

SIR THOMAS ACKLAND, BART.

YOUR well-known love, patronage, and practical knowledge of the Art which has produced this Volume justify me in offering it to your favourable attention.— I have every reason to be satisfied with the reception which, in its detached parts, it has experienced from the public; and, therefore, I can with the greater confidence present it to you in its complete state, as a mark of that regard with which I have the honour of being,

Your's, very truly,

JAMES COCKBURN.

Woolwich, Nov. 1, 1820.





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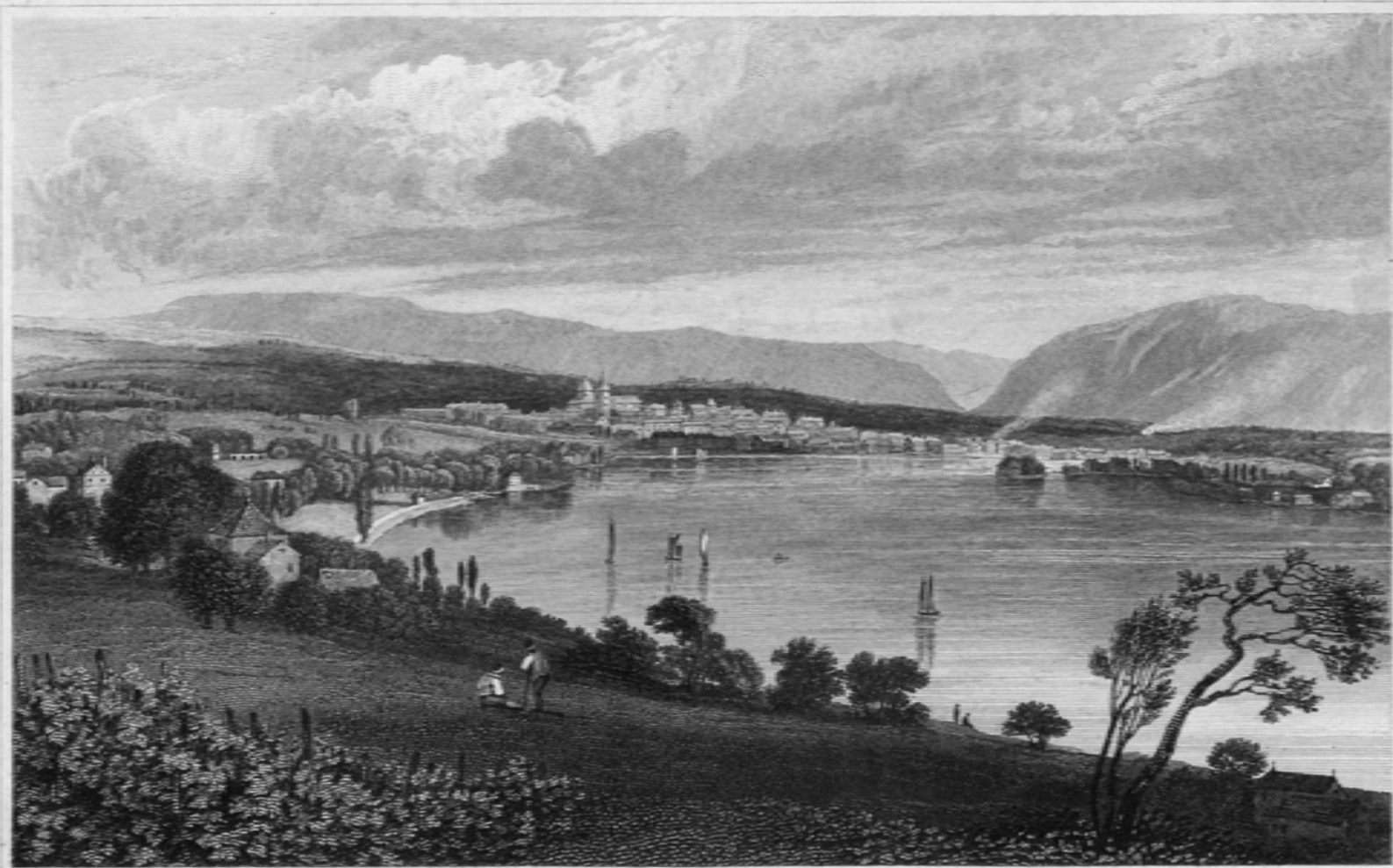
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Drawn by Major Cookburn.

London, Published May 1. 1811 by Robert & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by J. Goodall.

GENEVA.  
FROM COLIGNI.

## SWISS SCENERY.

THOUGH the principal and professed object of this work, is to trace and describe the union of stupendous and beautiful Scenery which characterizes Switzerland, some history of its principal towns, and the manners of its inhabitants, cannot be altogether omitted. This tour commences with Geneva, and such an account of this interesting city, as these pages admit, is offered to the reader of them.

The origin of Geneva is involved in obscurity: no certain epocha has been determined by antiquarian research, to mark the earliest period of its history; but that it was known to the Romans,

there are authentic proofs ; and that, previous to the conquest of the Allobroges by that people, about 122 years before the Christian æra, it had been considered as a principal town of the country possessed by them. It then appears, however, to have comprehended only that part of the city which now occupies the left bank of the Rhone. To Julius Cæsar is attributed the annexation of the small island, formed by the two branches of that river, on which he built a square tower, which is still extant and nearly entire, erected to protect the city on the side of the Helvetii, and as a defence of the entrenchments or walls which he erected along the course of the Rhone. For this defensive construction we have his own authority ; “ A lacu Lemano ad montem Joram, murum in altitudinem pedum sexdecim fossamque perduxit.” (Comment de Bello Gall. Liber I.) In short, under the protecting care of the Romans, it became one of the chief cities

of Gallia Narbonensis. It afterwards felt the destructive power of those hordes of Barbarians which desolated the Western Empire. It found, however, a subsequent protector, in the Emperor Charlemagne, and, at his death, was included in the kingdom of Arles: it then became a part of the short-lived kingdom of Burgundy, and at length was annexed to the German Empire. From the weakness of the Emperors and the power of the Church, as well as the ignorance and bigotry of the nobles, after a series of commotions, conspiracies, and intestine cabals between the different contending parties, the episcopal powers prevailed, when Geneva and its territory became subject to the temporal and spiritual jurisdiction of its bishops. But they never enjoyed their power in peace. Their internal dissensions arose from the claims of their subjects to dormant privileges; and their exterior feuds, to the counts of Savoy, who contended for

annexations of territory. Successive contests followed: the bishops lost their ascendancy; and the last ecclesiastical ruler, alarmed at the growing power of the reformers, who had assumed the title of Huguenots, fled to Anneci in Savoy in 1533, whither the see was afterwards transferred, and where it actually existed when the French took possession of that country in 1792. From this epoch, the origin of the Genevan republic may be dated, which was then an absolute democracy; as, on the flight of the bishop, two councils were immediately charged with the administration of government. On the 27th of August, 1535, the council of two hundred adopted the reformed religion, whose doctrines John Calvin soon afterwards settled. The Genevans, from this change in their government, appear to have enjoyed a transient tranquillity, which, however, after no long intervening period, was interrupted by the dukes of Savoy, who, if



they had not been supported, in various ways, by the Swiss cantons, must have subjected them. Nor did these contests, in which the religion and liberties of the Genevans were endangered, finally discontinue, till so late a period as 1754, when Charles Emanuel III. of Sardinia, acknowledged the entire independence of the republic.—In 1768, another change took place in the government, in which the popular power predominated.

Parties, however, still continued to harass the subjects and disturb the political state of Geneva: at length its unsettled condition was tranquillised by the interposition of France, Sardinia, and Switzerland, who formed a new code of laws, partaking in some degree of an aristocratic principle, and which was accepted by the councils, then assembled, on the 4th of November, 1782.—This government lasted, though not without frequent manifestations of discontent, till the year 1789, when another

revolution of the government took place, which was formed by the coalition of both parties. What experience had proved to be defective and inconsistent with republican freedom in the edict of 1782, was then repealed; and what appeared to be expedient and analogous to the original spirit and principles of the constitution, was retained. This domestic pacification gave the promise that durable happiness would be restored in the republic.—But the French revolution followed, with its dire spirit of overthrow and destruction; and, in 1798, Geneva was incorporated with the government which France, after the dethronement of its king, had adopted. At length Napoleon became the victim of his inordinate ambition; Europe avenged its wrongs; France again acknowledged its sovereign; and Geneva is once more a republic.

Geneva is situated on the narrowest part of the lake that bears its name, where

the Rhone issues in two large and rapid streams, which soon afterwards unite. This river separates the city into two unequal divisions, receives the muddy Arve in its course, and flows through France into the Mediterranean. The surrounding country offers a prospect that savours of enchantment; where Arcadian pictures appear amid the rude magnificence of nature. The objects which compose the landscape are the town, the lake, the numerous hills and mountains, particularly the Saleve and the Mole, rising in all their fantastic forms, backed by the glaciers of Savoy, with their frozen tops glistening in the sun, and Mont Blanc rearing its giant head, white with eternal snow, above them all.

The city, which stands partly in the plain upon the borders of the lake, and partly upon a gentle ascent, is irregularly built. It is surrounded by ramparts shaded with stately trees, forming an

agreeable promenade.—Near them are lofty houses, built on the ramparts, and commanding a view of the surrounding country. The streets are clean, well paved and lighted ; and several of them in the trading part of the town have a peculiar effect from the wooden pillars erected in front of the houses, which rise to the height of the upper stories, supporting an arch, covered with tiles. Though these arcades have rather a gloomy appearance, they afford a very acceptable refuge from the rain and the sun. The Hotel de Ville is a large, handsome building, and the arsenal is opposite to it. In the court of the former is a literary magazine, which contains a very large supply of books, prints, and maps. Water is in great plenty, as almost every street is refreshed by fountains. The great church is a considerable structure, with a marble front, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome: the interior is perfectly simple, according to

the discipline and order of the Calvinistic religion. There is an academy for the study of the fine arts, with an annual exhibition of the works of its professors and students, some of whom are very promising candidates for future fame.

The public library consists of four large rooms, containing many thousand volumes, among which is a considerable collection of manuscripts, with many curious and rare copies of valuable authors. The catalogue of this library, by the Rev. Mr. Sennebier, is a work of uncommon accuracy and bibliographic knowledge. There is not, perhaps, a city in Europe, where learning is so generally diffused; the natural consequence of a general education of the children, under the inspection of the magistrates, and at the public expense. Thus the artisans are seen to employ their leisure in study; and the librarian assured us, that many of the volumes which we saw, might be found



beside the anvil and the loom. Here the sabbath day bears strong and decided marks of its sacred character. The general appearance of the inhabitants, abstracted from the assigned duties of the day, is cheerful tranquillity. There is an English chapel, where the service of the church of England is performed in the most regular and becoming manner; while the number of resident English is sufficient to form a respectable congregation. The general appearance of the people is comfort, according to their respective ranks; the rich are not luxurious, the intermediate classes are active and busy, while the poor are industrious, and consequently above want.

It seems that the wealthy divide their substance equally among their children, and that an elder has no claim to an accumulated independence for the erection of a family or the maintenance of a name.—There is no rivalry among the lower

order of females, as to exterior appearance ; their dress is simple, becoming, and suited to their station, without an apparent thought of imitating their superiors—the source of so much misery in more luxurious countries. Many of the peasants are pretty ; but the swelled throat, a glandular tumour, called *Goitiers*, so prevalent among them, is a sad foe to their personal attractions. The climate of the summer is of the most desirable temperature, and the cold of the winter is dry and invigorating, but very intense. Among other anecdotes which Englishmen never fail to hear, we were informed, that in 1789, the frost was so severe, that the lake was frozen over, when the duke of Kent passed over it in a coach and six. There is a simplicity in their taste, as well as their manners, which forms no displeasing contrast to the splendid fancy of countries, where luxury displays itself in all the varieties which superior opulence calls upon

inventive genius to supply: while their pretty country houses look more to the surrounding beauties of nature than the interior glitter of art.

The Hotel de Ballance, where we resided, is near the Rhone, which here partakes of the blue colour of the lake; but so blue, that it might be almost supposed to have received the washings of a dye-house; though, at the same time, it preserves a perfectly pellucid appearance.

JUNE 4.—The day after our arrival, and at as early an hour as four in the morning, we visited a small house on the lake, called the Port of the Lake, where a guard is stationed. The scenes which present themselves from this spot possess a tranquil beauty. The opposite country is sprinkled with villages and villas, backed by the chain of mount Jura, and the blue lake filling the middle distance. On the left is the city, with another view of the lake and the mountains; to the right are

low hills covered with villages, and the mountainous heights behind them; while one of the Faubourgs of the city, with intermingling woods and gardens, a range of mountains, and the Mole towering above the rest, completes the prospect.

JUNE 7.—Accompanied by an elderly gentleman who had personally known Voltaire, we proceeded to Ferney. This place, which was the residence, as it may be said to have been, in a great measure, the creation of Voltaire, is indebted for its celebrity to that extraordinary character:—and, though so often described by its various visitors, as to be familiar to every lover of literature, demands the attention of the traveller; nor shall we pass it by, without transmitting to this page the result of our visit to it.

Voltaire found Ferney a miserable village; but, by his encouraging benevolence and protection, raised it into a place of industry, comfort, and even of com-

parative opulence. If he had endeavoured to promote the best interests of mankind, as he did the prosperity of the small spot which was his domain, his immortality would have rested on a different basis from that which now so fatally supports it; and the universal admiration which waits exclusively upon his superior talents and genius, would then have been accompanied with the blessings and the gratitude of every future age, and every civilised people. He employed the influence which he sometimes enjoyed, to obtain for his tenants an exemption of a considerable part of their taxes. He likewise encouraged the industry and ingenuity of his poor neighbourhood, which had been overwhelmed by the excess of their misery. He also invited, by every suitable encouragement, the Swiss and Genevese artisans, chiefly in the line of watch-making, to establish themselves in his village. He caused houses to be



erected for their reception; and Ferney soon became, under his protecting auspices, a scene of flourishing industry. Thus he confirmed the well being of his little community, of which he seemed rather to consider himself the parent than the lord. The local situation of Ferney was peculiarly calculated to fulfil Voltaire's useful design; it being a kind of isthmus, the narrow part of which stands on the French frontier, and the rest on the states of Switzerland and Geneva. The houses are well built, and the village of a pleasing appearance; standing, as it were, at the junction of four public roads.

The distance from Geneva to Ferney is about four miles towards the Jura mountains. It traverses a level country, rich in corn and vineyards, and pleasingly diversified with villages, through some of which we passed. It was Sunday, which has indeed been already mentioned; so that labour reposed, and the busy hand of

industry was inactive. The elder inhabitants were sitting at their doors, as it appeared, in domestic conversation; while the younger people of both sexes were parading on the verdure with an amiable cheerfulness. The whole formed a picture of innocent enjoyment; and the modest appearance of the females, with their large hats, was an attractive feature of the scene. No games of any kind were visible; but the genuine character of the day was preserved as the highest authority has instituted it.

The village of Ferney has a neat and clean appearance; its principal street is of some length, and the road to France passes through it. At the end of it, to the left, an avenue leads to the celebrated mansion, of which we are about to offer a description. On the eastern side of the court stands a small church, which was erected by Voltaire; it is a pleasing, but simple structure, into whose pulpit he

once ascended, and delivered a discourse, it is said, against the principles of Materialism, which he was accused of insidiously encouraging; but this extraordinary flight caused so much scandal, that his appearance as an instructor, in a place devoted to religion, was never repeated. Over the door is the following inscription in large letters:

Deo erexit Voltaire MDCCLXI.

The chateau, which is surrounded with trees, is not large, but presents altogether a handsome appearance, with a flight of steps to the principal entrance, which has a projection over it. Having passed through the house, we entered a hall, which forms the ante-chamber, that is precisely in the same state as Voltaire himself occupied and left it, when he paid that visit to Paris, from which he was never to return: a circumstance equally sufficient

to attract and gratify curiosity. It was his eating room; and when we saw it, the furniture consisted of ten chairs and a sofa of tapestry needle work, a marble table, several pictures, a glass, and a handsome stove in the chimney place, with his bust over it in marble, which is said to be a perfect resemblance. There are two windows, and a door which opens upon the garden, that presents at once a small piece of water, with a fountain rising from the centre of it. Adjoining this room, is his bed chamber, also preserving the same original character. The bed and its furniture is yellow. A chest of drawers covered with a marble slab, on which lay the model of a tomb, from which a female figure and an infant appear to be ascending,—five chairs, a glass, with various prints and pictures, form the rest of the furniture. Opposite the fire-place is the model of a tomb, which this extraordinary man had erected for himself in the church

as a mausoleum to contain his ashes, when he contemplated the close of his life in a place which had been the delight of so large a part of it. Little did he foresee, or less did he wish, that the crown of bays, with which he was presented with so much dramatic parade and devotion, in the theatre at Paris, should so immediately precede his death in that metropolis, where the rigour of religion, whose truths he had mocked and insulted, left his remains to the contempt of an uncere- monious interment; and, what was the extreme of indignity, where his bones were brought back in triumph, amid the profane eulogies of revolutionary infidelity, to be re-interred in a temple prepared by Atheism itself to receive them; and whose horrible principles, his country, revolutionised in virtue as in government, had, among other causes, been prepared by his writings to embrace. The sepulchral model is thus inscribed: "Son

esprit est partout et son cœur est ici.”  
—Above is, “Mes manes sont consolés,  
puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vos.”  
This inscription marks, at least, that he  
had not adopted the subsequent horrid  
doctrine of the revolution, that death is  
an eternal sleep.

The gardens are extensive, and open to  
the neighbourhood: a long, covered walk,  
with a seat at the end of it, is rendered  
classical, by having been a favourite and  
frequent scene of Voltaire’s contemplative  
hours. Here he used to play the Peri-  
patetic, and let his fancy take the wide  
range of its excursive flight. The site of  
the mansion is elevated; and the prospect  
is not only of great extent, but offers a  
magnificence of scenery, which baffles this  
feeble attempt to describe it. The view  
here embraces the mountains near Geneva,  
and the Alps forming the horizon, with  
the lake at the distance of about three  
miles, and the intervening highly culti-

vated plain besprinkled with houses and gardens; while Mont Blanc, the giant object of the scene, towers above the rest in majestic grandeur, and whose eternal snows, contrasted with the aerial blue, fills the eye with exquisite delight.

In the village is a theatre,<sup>1</sup> where this eminent dramatic poet used to see his own plays performed under his own direction; and where, when he was displeased with the representation of an actor, he would sometimes dismiss him from the scene, and fill the part.—Here Mademoiselle Clairon, when she visited Ferney, would display her astonishing and unrivalled powers. Our return to Geneva was by the same road we had passed to Ferney; with no other variety, than a visit to some delightful gardens on the borders of the lake.

The troops, which had been passing

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<sup>1</sup> This theatre is capable of containing 700 spectators.



the day at some small distance from the city, were now marching back with their drums and music. Here the citizen and the soldier seem to be united, and appear as a band of brothers, embracing the profession of arms for their mutual protection; nor are their festive hours degraded by inebriety or intemperance.

It would not become us to quit this city without acknowledging our obligations to Dr. de Roche, for the honour of his attentions, and the pleasure derived from such conversation as is rarely to be enjoyed; nor is Mr. Gorman Monkhouse to be forgotten, an English gentleman, who so obligingly invited us to his house at Coligni, about two miles from Geneva. The situation of this village is most delightful, in a country where the eye revels in delight. It is seated on the brow of a hill, whose sloping banks are covered with gardens and vineyards. The lake is here about two miles and a half broad, with

Geneva stretching across the head of it; one part on the higher ground, and the other sinking by an inclined plain to the water; the cathedral presenting a prominent and imposing feature in the scene. The surface of the water was smooth, but continually changing its hues from the reflection of the passing clouds and the surrounding mountains. Boats were seen gliding over it in all directions, leaving their track marked by long silvery streaks, so pleasing to the eye, but whose effect words cannot convey to the mind.

This spot commands a beautiful scene of lake and mountain, blended with a country happily cultivated and rich in population.—It may not be uninteresting, just to mention that lord Byron occupied a villa in this neighbourhood. Madame de Stael's residence was at no great distance; and opposite to it, is the house to which the Empress Josephine retired, when the ceremony of her divorce

was passing in the metropolis of the French empire.

### ROUTE TO SALENCE.

JULY 16.—We left Geneva for Chamonny, by the Port de Rive. The Genevan territory extends only a few miles on this route, but it retains its character for cultivation, industry, and a well-peopled district to the close of it. Having passed Chene, a neat little village, by its bridge, we entered Savoy, and were affected by other sensations than that of surprise, when we beheld the contrasted state of two countries in such immediate conjunction with each other. From contemplating the neatness and ease of the Genevans, we instantly encountered the misery of the Savoyards. The high mountains on either side were clothed with wood; the highways were good, and the scenery full of picture. On advancing, the hills ap-

proach nearer to the left of the road, while huge mountains present themselves in front. The way now winds, skirting the brow of a hill, with a deep valley beneath, and the river Arve on the right. At the bottom of this pass, we crossed the river by a bridge of one arch; and, on approaching the valley, which is crowned by the mountains that have just been mentioned, some picturesque ruins of castles give variety to the scene. Here the weather became cloudy, and the tops of the mountains were obscured in vapour, while their bases wore a deep blue. The valley beneath them was enlivened by the river which ran through it; and the country, with the exception of the corn fields and vineyards, is covered with wood. The living figures of the landscape were a considerable number of Savoyards, with their narrow carts and oxen, repairing the roads. The skirts of the mountains were decorated

with villas, and blended the scene with ideas of domestic comfort and retirement.

We now reached the village of Contamine: it is a small place, but offers a very picturesque object. A lofty mountain rises on its left, whose summit is crowned with fir trees; and half-way down there is a ruined castle which hangs over the place; behind it are mountains, maintaining their never-ceasing grandeur. The fine trees that lined the road, with the hay fields and vineyards which they screened from it, varied the scene with their less distinguished, but not unpleasing appearance. As the way continues, the valley is narrowed by the projecting mountains: those on the right are lofty, whose craggy summits are covered with snow; while towards the base, they are thick with woods, and descend to the plain in perpendicular declivities.

We now approached Bonneville, the

capital of Fancigny, a duchy subject to the king of Sardinia: it is a small town, situated on the Arve, at the bottom of a chain of rocks, which, from this place, diminish into hills. Its appearance is beautiful; and the mountains which rise above it on the right are of great height, with the summits capped with snow. On the left, mountains and low hills incline towards the town: the Chateau de Mussel, in a state of ruin, appears on one of them. The view terminates by a succession of mountains rising above each other. The Arve flows through the town, after having meandered in the valley before it. On quitting the heights, which are well studded with cottages, the road is lined, and indeed overcanopied, with the most beautiful trees, forming a shaded entrance into the town, whose first object is not of a very soothing or animating nature, it being a prison, with large and lofty towers. The principal market place is of an angular shape, sur-

rounded by good houses, among which are two hotels. Several streets branch off towards the mountains, appearing almost to be terminated by them. We entered the church, which is but small, and, not being the hour of any public office, did not present any devotees to our attention ; but the road through which we had passed, and indeed the whole way to Salenche, was decorated by the superstition of the country, with crosses and garlands, sainted figures and beaded virgins, in their holy repositories. At this place we stopped to repose ourselves and our horses ; but the latter were not satisfied with their refreshment, as they refused to pass the bridge, which is lofty, and continued to display their restiff character for some time, to the delay of our journey. The valley we now entered was very narrow, not more than a mile and a half in breadth ; the mountains on the right of us were close to the road, and the river to our left was on



a level with it; the whole being a swamp from the late heavy rains. The hills on the left, inclining to the valley, were enlivened with numerous buildings; and thus for some miles the route continued, when it ascended to a greater height above the river. The scenery now assumed a new character: the road was lined with trees in the highest state of luxuriance; the villages offered their pleasing variety, composed as they were of cottages whose forms are perfectly picturesque, and seemed to court the pencil to portray them. Their large broad gable ends and flat roofs overhanging the walls, the sides half wood, with the foundations of stone; penthouse, chimneys, and exterior staircases leading to the upper stories—give a shape to the dwellings of rural life which cannot fail to please a painter's eye; while domestic groups in their family occupations, the children of different years, always affecting, the flock and the herd, with their tinkling

bell ranging at a distance, or conducting home by the young goatherd or blithsome maiden, give a character to the scene which passes through the eye to the heart. At every step fresh beauties not only claimed our attention, but so fixed it, as almost to arrest our progress. Stupendous heights clothed with firs, forming a boundary to highly cultivated and finely watered plains, with snow-clad mountains rising in awful and pre-eminent magnificence, is, in itself, an awakening picture. On approaching the town of Cluse, the mountains appear almost to hang over the road; and one of those vast features of a Swiss landscape presents itself in front, and forbids all further progress in the immediate direction. Here the base of the mountains, which are enormous rocks, confine the road, as it were, between them; and as it turns by an acute angle to the right, Cluse presents itself under the lofty barrier which extends on either

side of it. The place has a clean and comfortable appearance. Watchmakers, that most useful class of mechanics, form its principal inhabitants; the Arve runs rapidly by it, and the entrance to it is by a bridge over that river. To this town a very narrow valley succeeds; in some places its breadth is scarce more than sufficient to allow of a bed for the river, which rushes on with no common noise and violence through it. The state of the weather at this time added to the terrific grandeur of the scenery around us. Dark clouds hovered over the mountains, the wind was high, and the rain heavy; the mists were seen driving across the heights; the road was to the left of the river, and scarcely elevated above it; while the base of the mountains was so thick with wood, that our way was not clearly visible for ten yards before us. The roar of the rushing waters was heard; but from the overhanging trees, they sometimes roared

unseen :—nay, some apprehension of personal danger was added to our situation ; as by one false trip of our jaded horses, we might have been plunged into the river, and borne away by its flood. Poetry might in this valley have invoked the Genius of the Storm, and addressed him in a spot that might have been duly considered, with all its characteristic appropriations, as his favourite abode. Indeed if some rather forcible ideas of inconvenience and danger had not interposed, the terrific grandeur of the surrounding scene, with its tempestuous additions, might have raised the mind into very correct feelings of the sublime in nature. But the darkness of the evening, the consequent approach of night, the precipices above us, large streams of water rushing from them, and pouring down the ravines into the river, which alternately with its rushing uproar advanced towards us or receded from us—did not allow of many

calm moments for contemplation. Cottages now began not only to relieve the eye, but the mind ; and the charming little village of Magland, with its white-faced buildings, pretty church surrounded with stately trees, and the whole embosomed in the Alps, presented its beautiful appearance. The waterfall called the Cascade of Arpenas, by which this place is distinguished, must be allowed to possess a stupendous character, as it throws itself down from an impending rock, (a perpendicular height of eight hundred feet,) accompanied by all those objects which are natural to, and enlarge such a picture from the hand of nature. It may, however, be necessary to observe, that in dry summers this cascade is sometimes almost destitute of water, and that this may consequently appear an exaggerated picture to those who may visit the spot when its supplies are accidentally withheld.

Our progress now became still more

unpleasant, if not even alarming. We had become too well acquainted with the weak and fatigued state of our horses, as well as the ignorance of our driver; and the increasing darkness of the evening quickened our anxiety to reach Salenche; and before we reached that place, we lost every vestige of a road but the conviction that the river had overflowed it. With such guide stones as a ridge of rocks appeared to give us, while the stream was rushing along with great fury, the wind increasing in force, and a driving rain pouring down upon us,—in short, “beneath the pelting of this pitiless storm,” and not without some degree of trembling apprehension, we entered the water, and when we had gained the middle of it, the horses stood still, and no power we were able to exert could induce or provoke them to move forwards. Our principal alarm arose from the probability that the incessant rain might cause the waters to rise with such rapidity as to

threaten actual danger. Our only immediate resource was to quit the carriage, and wade to a spot between the road (as far as we could ascertain it), and the river, which appeared to be land.

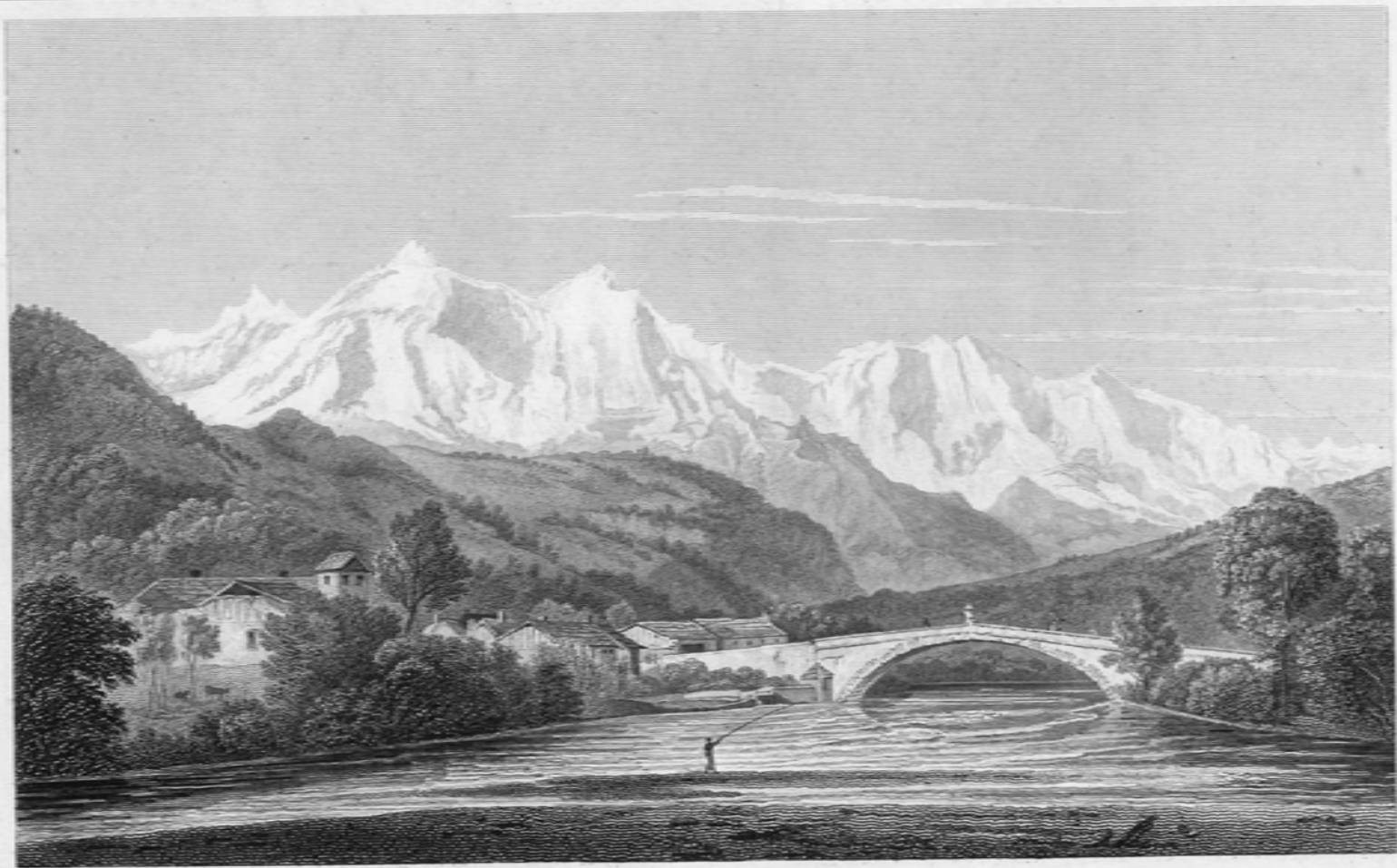
In this miserable state we remained, witnessing the vain efforts of the driver; and as the carriage had settled in the mud, it appeared to be inextricable. Our prospect now was that of passing the night in this comfortless situation, with the probability of losing the chaise and baggage, or, if we waded on, of mistaking our way, and plunging into the river. Such was the dismal alternative, when we were most fortunately relieved from our dilemma, by the arrival of a cart with four men in it, who were inhabitants of Salenche, by whose active assistance we were extricated from our difficulties, and were conducted to St. Martin's, a village at no great distance, where we found all the comforts which an excellent inn could afford us. It is usual



in general for travellers to proceed at once from Geneva to Salenche, as it is a more considerable village ; but we would recommend the inn at St. Martin's as superior in situation, cleanliness, and accommodation of every kind : and we doubt not the readers of this work, who may think proper to attend to these suggestions in their tour through this part of Savoy, will thank us at least for the intelligence which this page offers them.

JULY 17.—Fatigued as we may be supposed to have been by the journey of the preceding day and the adventures of the preceding evening, our impatient and wakeful curiosity aroused us at five in the morning ; nor is our astonishment to be described, when on looking from the window, Mont Blanc seemed close upon us ; and though the sun was sparing of its beams, it penetrated the clouds sufficiently to give a glimpse of its amazing altitude. The inn itself is placed in a most delight-





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published Jan. 1. 1812 by Robert & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by C. Heath & J. Lewis.

MONT BLANC.

FROM ST MARTIN.

ful spot; the Arve before it, lofty mountains behind, with the Aiguille de Varens and its crags of a vast size branching into various shapes and forms. The village of Salenche stretches along the valley at the foot of mountains in front of it.

After a rainy day, when, at least, half the surrounding beauties were obscured, the sun burst forth in its declining glory. About seven in the evening, the scene that opened upon the sight might be truly said to baffle description, as it was viewed from the bridge of St. Martin's looking towards Mont Blanc. The sun had in part cleared the mountain, but the summit was still obscured by clouds; the visible part was like glittering silver, and an indescribable blaze of light then succeeded; while the whole mountain shortly displayed itself verging towards the pyramid, and breaking into peaks along the horizon.

The bridge of St. Martin is a position from whence Mont Blanc presents itself

in all its grandeur. It rises above the neighbouring summits, from behind a vast rounded mass, called the Dôme du Gouté, which is one of those great natural scaffoldings by which its highest ridge is attained. To the left is the Aiguille du Midi, and to the right that of Binnassy, which commands the glacier of the same name. This view is more particularly striking, after the setting of the sun, when the valley is plunged in shade, and the pinnacle of the Aiguille de Varens is but feebly enlightened. These immense regions of snow and ice, reflecting the last rays of the declining sun, then assume the finest tints of the rose; but these colours preserve their brilliance but for a moment, grow pale, and disappear; while resplendent by its whiteness, and astonishing by its vast dimensions, Mont Blanc rises in awful majesty, and seems embossed, as it were, on the deep blue of the heavens.

The bridge of St. Martin is a beautiful structure of one arch, whose parapet is decorated with a curious cross, once the sacred ornament of an old chapel standing near it. No spot is so well calculated to give a panorama view of this scenery as the bridge of St. Martin.

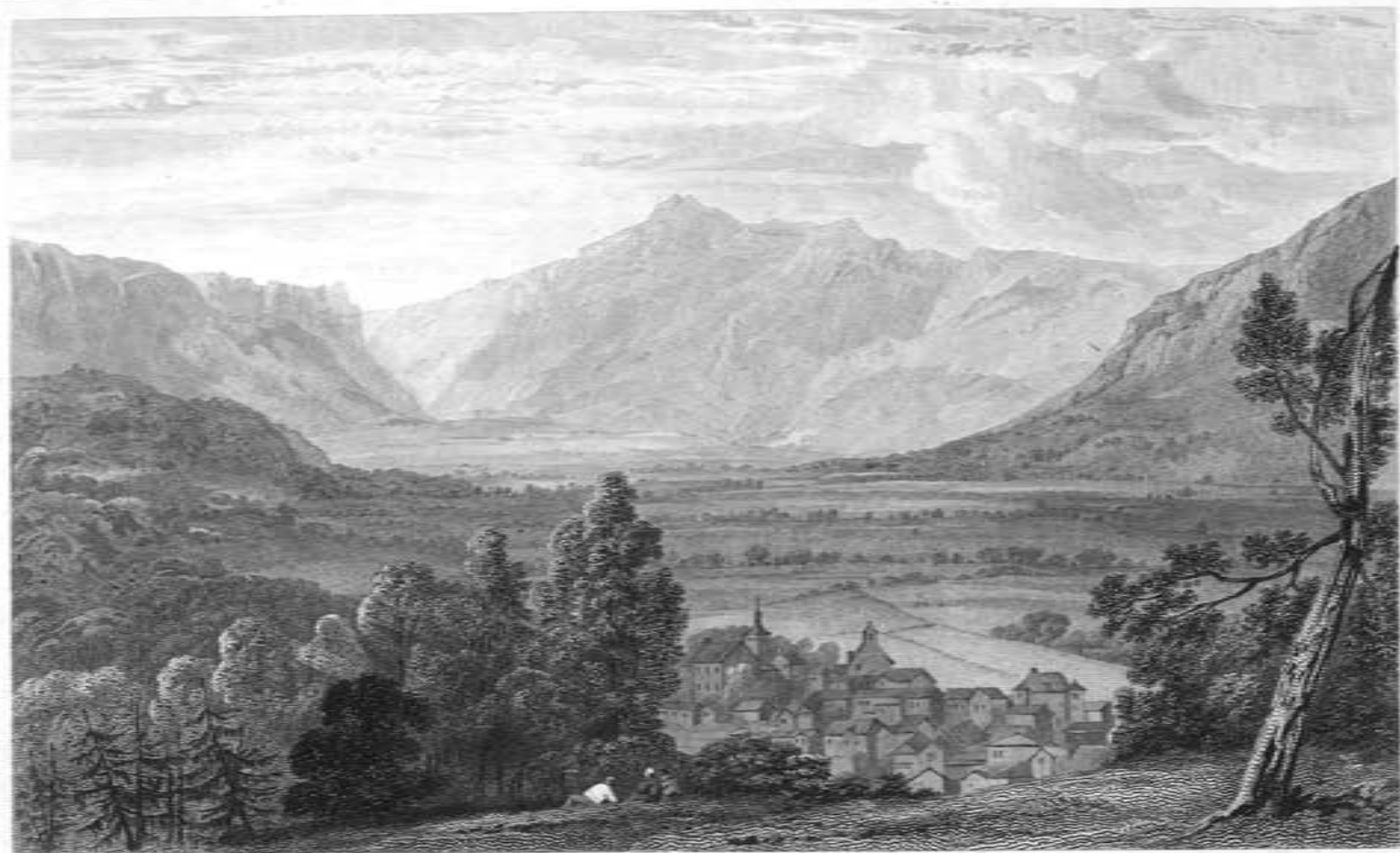
The valley is so completely surrounded by Alpine heights, that the eye readily embraces the whole scene. The narrow valley of Cluse, by which this enchanting spot is approached, is distinctly seen, and with superior effect when it is solemnised by the deep blues that succeed to the departure of the sun. Taking a view in the opposite line of direction, Salenche appears, and the high mountain of l'Aiguille de Dorans. The mountains which form the enclosure of this valley are covered with woods two-thirds of their heights, when the rocks appear, and the regions of cold and barrenness begin. Many of these enormous crags, which are piled

on each other, resemble castellated edifices covered with snow.

JULY 18.—Salenche was the object of our attention, and well rewarded our visit thither. It is about three quarters of a mile on the opposite side of the valley. When about half way to it, we were astonished, on a retrospect view of St. Martin, by the prodigious height of the Aiguille de Varens behind that village, its elevation having apparently gained so much at this point of view. Houses in airy situations beneath the crags, mountains covered with wood, and others rising behind them white with snow, present themselves to the eye.

At Salenche, streams of various size and flow roll through the place: several bridges form passages over them, from which the views are beautifully romantic; while the waters boiling among the rocks beneath; the houses, blended with trees, and scattered about in pic-





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published March 1840, by Colnaghi & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Geo. Black.

VALE OF SALLENCE.



turesque confusion, complete the scene. The inhabitants too often disturb the pleasure which would proceed from viewing the quiet and industrious occupations, by their swelled throats; and the further we advanced into the country, the more frequent this unfortunate malady was observed. The church is a large structure, with a square tower crowned with an octagon dome. It possessed the usual ornaments, representations, and ceremonial symbols, which the churches in Roman Catholic countries never fail, with more or less degree of ostentation, to display. A building which, previous to the French Revolution, was a convent of monks of the Franciscan order, stands at the entrance of the village, and is now converted into a manufactory. The thermometer did not rise at this time above 64 in the middle of the day. Indeed, the weather was so cold, that a blazing fire was found to be a very reviving companion.

JULY 20.—The day was cloudless, Mont Blanc presented itself in its utmost glory, and we proceeded in the afternoon to the baths of St. Gervais. They are on the Salenche side of the valley, at about six miles from that village. The road to them skirts the mountains to the left of Salenche; and the whole of the way is full of attractive circumstance. The baths are at the head of the valley, situated under a high hill, upon which is the village of St. Gervais. The number and variety of trees, among which there is a considerable intermixture of fruit trees, add greatly to the beauty of the road. Cottages are scattered around; and even on the most elevated situations, wherever a green patch is visible, one of these humble dwellings is seen to possess it. Several streams are passed over by little bridges of various construction; and among the villages through which the road passes, one of them has an inn for

the accommodation of those who attend the baths. As we pursued our way, Mont Blanc retired gradually from the view; and when we reached the mountain, beneath which the baths are situated, the whole of the tremendous object was lost, except a small portion of the right side of its top, which is transcendently white, being contrasted with the dark pines on the inferior mountains. After a short ascent, a wooden bridge affords a passage over a very rapid river, and a narrow valley appears on the right, enclosed with precipices, whose tops were darkened by firs. The road now leads through a pleasing piece of woodland, into a small narrow valley, at the head of which are the baths: it is thick with trees, and the heights which enclose it are covered with pines. The bath house has two round roofed towers at either end, with a shaded triangular green or lawn in the front of it. Here the river

passes under a small wooden bridge; and, on ascending the banks behind the house, a cascade of three distinct grand falls from the rocks presents itself. This magnificent body of water rushes through cleft masses; while trees of various kinds and size, and indeed, every object, suited by its association to enrich the scene, there present themselves to give beauty to a picture, which never fails to excite the admiration of all who behold it.

The heat of the baths is felt on the adjoining mountain; the source of the water that supplies them, which is warm, and impregnated with sulphur, appears flowing from beneath an arch. The house seemed full of company; and, on our return, we met several ladies on mules, and others in the small carriages of the country, who were visitors of these medicinal springs. We returned in one of these cars: they are narrow

and low, and are entered at the side: the movement of them is rather rough. At six in the evening we had lost the sun in the valley, but the tops of the higher mountains still retained it for a considerable time; till at length, Mont Blanc alone displayed the faint lustre of its parting beams.

JULY 21.—This day being the sabbath, we visited the church, which is small and clean, and built in the usual form of a cross. The altar is distinguished by columns rendered fine by gilding, and above it is a picture, the subject of which may be supposed to have its effects on the devotion of Catholic piety. It is a representation of the Supreme Being in the character of an old man with a flowing beard, and bearing in his hand the globe and sceptre, as insignia of royalty and power: angels and stars also decorate the painting. There is another canvas which attract-



ed our notice from the subject which it displayed. It consists of an angel, wearing a round hat, and clad in a red garment, with wings on the shoulders, who is driving a plough drawn by oxen. Beneath the figure is inscribed the patron of labour. An old man seems to be watching the agricultural employment from behind a tree; and the middle part of the picture is occupied by a temple, with a character in the posture of adoration. The distance comprehends a town, with a range of mountains. The villagers are simple in their manners, which are heightened by the most respectful and obliging demeanour. The women wear short jackets, with petticoats of different colours, and white sleeves; caps enclose their hair, and are covered by small round straw hats with a shallow crown; but stockings and shoes, though occasionally used, do not seem a necessary appendage to their dress: their com-

plexions are brown, and too many of them are afflicted with the swelled throat. The men wear large round hats, with jackets, to which their other garments are properly suited; and on Sundays, as well as their religious festivals, they appear with stockings. An active industry, however, seems to be wanting; and though not deficient in attention to the cleanliness of their persons, the interior of their cottages do not always wear a concomitant appearance. Indeed the picture in the church, which must have been placed there to encourage laborious exertion, does not appear to have produced the effect which might have been expected, by the pious zeal which afforded such an incitement to blend with the superior objects of devotion. In the evening we strolled through the village, which is situated beneath the mountains, and variously shaded with the most stately walnut and other trees, which at once add to the beauty

and the comforts of rural life. The houses are constructed upon a similar plan; the gable ends are broad, and the roofs, which are consequently of a proportionate breadth, are composed chiefly of thin planks of wood, laid on as slates or tiles are placed in England, while they are preserved from the power of the winds by a weighty covering of large stones: a railed gallery is erected across one of the gable ends, where wood is kept, and other necessary lumber. The upper part of the building forms a store-room for hay and provisions, and is sometimes used as a receptacle for domestic fowls: the lower part is frequently seen to consist of two divisions, one of which is appropriated to the family, and the other to the cows and mules. The interior walls are tinged with the smoke of the fire-place; and the windows are as frequently darkened by the vines which overspread them as they hang from the

roofs. Thus situated in small gardens and orchards, and enclosed by a barrier of mountains, they appear as comfortable habitations for a peasant people, considered in all the circumstances of habit and custom, as fancy itself can imagine.

JULY 22.—At seven in the morning, we commenced our journey to Chamouny, in one of the small narrow carts of the country. The weather was fine, the air cool, and the clouds, breaking about the mountains, encouraged us to hope for a pleasant day; nor were our expectations disappointed. We passed through the valley, with the river Arve on our right, with lofty mountains on the left, and overshadowing orchards rich in fruitage; while the cottages, scattered promiscuously among them, at once vary, enliven, and give a pleasing interest to the landscape. The vast heights on the Salenche side of the valley, are covered with

wood; the road, in some parts of it, runs close to the river; while the descents are so rapid as well as narrow, that safety seems to be hazarded at every moment: but the mules, accustomed to the way, made not a false step, while the driver exerted the utmost care and skill in conducting the vehicle; though, when we looked back upon the steepness of the road, astonishment at our having securely reached the bottom of it, were among the sensations we experienced. In about three miles the valley widens, and a small plain leads to the foot of a high mountain which we were to pass. This plain afforded a pleasing intermixture of corn and hay, whose contrasted appearance was decorated by nature with flowers of every hue. Hills of various forms were spotted with cottages; a church also occasionally marked the parochial character of the district; and, while the eye was ravished with the na-

tive wonders of the scene which it contemplated, the sacred structure impressed a devotional sentiment on the heart, and might lead the mind "to look through nature up to nature's God."

About two leagues from Salenche, on the first part of the mountainous ascent, is situated the pretty village of Chede. Enormous heights rise to the right and left, whose perpendicular bases are clothed with pines, or covered with a brown moss. We passed the village, and continuing our way by a clear stream, and through beautiful groves, at the distance of about a quarter of a league, the superb cascade of Chede presented itself to our view. It consists of two falls; the first of which occupies the least descent, when a small flat rock receives it, where, collecting an added force, it hurries down with a thundering noise to a large basin, whence it rolls over a succession of rocks, till it resigns its foamy waters to the

Arve. The rocks on each side possess a grandeur of shape, softened by a sobriety of colour; but their magnificence cannot restrain the eye from regarding with delight the more humble beauties of nature, in the red, the yellow, and azure flowers, which cover the adjoining fields with their embroidery. From the cascade, we returned to the village, and continued our ascent; and the sublime of nature soon presented itself in superabundant grandeur.—We were in a most magnificent enclosure of mountains of different heights, forms, and appearances. Mont Blanc presented itself, a little to the right, in the front distance; and here we entertained a more distinct idea of its supreme altitude: for though our position was on a considerable eminence, and surrounded by huge and stupendous heights, the Alpine giant reared its snow-capped head far above them all, with louring clouds rolling round



it. In the midst of this cluster of mountains, one rises among them completely clad with pines, which offers a singular and attractive object. The ascent was now so rude and steep, that the mules drew the cart with difficulty, though we had quitted it. The road has a very dangerous aspect, from the quick succession of its declivities; but the driver appeared so expert in the conduct of his machine, as to dispel all apprehension of serious accident: besides, it was so constructed, that on any sudden alarm, it might be quitted in an instant. The finest trees of every kind fringed the way, and Flora still continued to present her variegated beauties. The mind was lost in contemplating the majestic scenery around us, with the Arve winding through the vale which we had passed; while the peasantry, engaged in their rural toil, divided our attention, and the women and children attending on the cattle and

flocks, added the pleasing ideas which ever accompany the pictures of pastoral life. We continued to ascend, and, in about an hour, arrived at a beautiful little lake, which derives its name from the village that we had just quitted. It is shallow, but withal so limpid and transparent, as to reflect the snowy ridges of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring mountains, as well as the beautiful trees by which it is shaded: it receives a torrent from the surrounding heights, and its waters escape beneath a bridge at one end. They fall in successive cascades, and turn several mills before the Arve receives them. It is surrounded by verdure, and is embosomed in groves, over which the Alps appear as their elevated boundary. Here the peasants attend with glasses, and press the traveller, with humble and smiling solicitation, to take the cool refreshing beverage which the lake affords. The ascent continues from this delicious

spot to the torrent of Mount Noir, when the difficulties of the journey present themselves. The rocks are of a dark hue, and rudely scattered in the middle of a wide ravine, over which a mountain stream rushes with impetuous rapidity to the valley. Boards are thrown across for foot passengers; and all carriages are necessarily taken to pieces for their more commodious transport. The mules were led with great care. A group of peasants, consisting of men, women, and children, were collected to assist our passage. The novelty of the employment, the picturesque figures of the persons engaged in it, and our encountering a herd of cows and goats, with the tinkling of their bells, which were crossing the ravine with their herdswomen at the same moment; together with the associated scenery of intermingled rocks and woods, and these shadowed by the mountains rising above—formed a picture of such original variety, as produced an impression

which memory knows not how to describe. On leaving this ravine, we entered a beautiful wood ; and passing several cottages, objects so interesting to travellers in Switzerland, we came to a small plain, to which the surrounding heights descend in perpendicular declivities ; two thirds of whose eminences are dark with pines, while their rugged summits are white with snow. In about half an hour we approached the village of Servos, situated in a valley, to which it gives its name. At an inn in this place we stopped and dined. On leaving it, a most delightful scene burst upon us. A small plain, on the opposite side of the Arve, contains some very pleasant houses beneath a range of rocks, and backed by mountains. One of these mansions is of a superior construction, and is the residence of a native of France, who speaks English as if he had been born in England. He superintends the silver and copper mines in this vicinity, and

possesses a known scientific character. His library is extensive, and he has a large collection of minerals, and other natural productions. He showed us thirty original sketches from the pencil of Rembrandt, and worthy of that great master. A large party was staying at his house ; and among them was an artist of Geneva, whose drawings were of the first merit. The river is here passed by a wooden bridge, having a roof over it. The valley now leads to the right, and becomes very narrow ; but the view is highly picturesque. On passing the bridge, several pretty cottages appear, which are shaded by walnut trees : they are seated on an eminence above the river, which foams over its rocky bottom, and is crossed by a stone bridge. Trees of every growth adorn the banks of this rapid stream, and mountains here, as every where, rise to aggrandise the scene.

On a small eminence a monument has been erected to the memory of M. Eschen,

a young man, a Dane by birth, and who was known in Germany by an excellent translation in verse of the Odes of Horace. He perished, August 7, 1800, in the mountain of Buet. Mr. Eschen, whose eager curiosity had led him some hundred paces in advance, suddenly disappeared. Mr. Simschen, and their conductor, hastened back to Servos for assistance, when four men immediately proceeded in search of this unfortunate gentleman, and they found him in a cleft of the glacier, one hundred feet in depth, standing upright, with his arms above his head, and frozen to death. The monument bears an inscription on either side, and was erected during Buonaparte's consulate. The Buet, which is sometimes named the Mortiac, is remarkable for the extent of its top or ridge, and has been thought deserving of very particular description by those eminent geological travellers and philosophers, De Luc, Saussure, and Pictet. From

Geneva, its round summit is seen covered with eternal snows. According to Mr. Pictet's measurement, its height is between 8412 and 9564 feet above the surface of the lake of Geneva. From the top of this mountain, the stupendous grandeur of Mont Blanc is perfectly distinguished, and a prospect is embraced of astonishing sublimity. To the east, the view comprehends all the extensive country of Valais, up to Saint Gothard; and to the west, extends over a multitude of mountains and vallies from Savoy to Dauphiny, with the lake of Anneci, several parts of that of Geneva, and the great valley that is bounded by the Jura. But its complete ascent should not be attempted but in the height of summer: even in that favourable season, such is the extreme tenuity of the air, that many have attempted to reach its summit in vain.

We now passed along the valley to the right, where the sublime and beautiful



blend their contrasted powers in composing the scene. The valley is narrow, and formed by mountains rising on each side, whose bases are of rude, rugged rock. It is divided by a river shaded by trees on either side. In the middle of it a hill rises, which is clothed with wood, and crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle. The mountains on the right are of a stupendous altitude, springing, as it were, from huge rocks verdant with foliage, and whose bare parts are covered with moss of the finest tints. The dwellings of the peasant appear above and below in all directions; nor can the eye, amidst the surrounding grandeur, refuse to continue its admiration of the various flowers with which the surface of the earth is enriched. Here and there a mountain juts on the river, and the pines at the top appear to bend over it. On the spot where a wooden bridge affords a passage over the river, a scene of magnifi-

cent attraction presents itself. On looking back to the valley which has just been past, the wood-clad hill, with the castellated ruin, is in the middle ground; on the right, the mountains descend to the road, bearing on their woody sides trees of various foliage: beyond them is a pretty glimpse of the village of Servos, with its church; mountains, also, are on the left, and other heights rise, ranging above each other in the further distance; the river, also, is beneath, rushing over its craggy bed with ceaseless roar, and passes through a channel formed by rocks, which are tinted with mosses, and varied by trees, which seem to burst from their hollow recesses. Looking up the valley, the opposite mountains approach so close to each other, that the pines on the more projecting parts of them completely overarch it; and in the distance, Mont Blanc rears itself in clouded majesty. A party on mules with their guides were moving

slowly up the mountain on the right, and their alternate appearance and disappearance, as they wound their way among the rocks, gave a pleasing, as it was a living addition to the picture.

We now passed the bridge, when we could but just keep clear of the precipices. The charm of this passage arises from the vast but beautiful irregularity of the progressive views. The ascent is a succession of rocky steps, which the mules seem to tread with an intuitive precaution; while the mountains are so close, that it appears as if you could throw a stone from one to the other. The depth below is awfully profound; and, among the dark masses of pines, the yellow jutting rocks and flowers produce a sparkling effect. Here we discovered a cottage, suspended as it were in the air, but the terrific object was soon relieved by the sight of several houses more happily placed on patches of verdure. The tops of cottages below us now



Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published Nov. 1840, by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by C. Westwood.

BRIDGE OF PELESSIER.  
NEAR SERVOS.



caught the eye, and the blue smoke which ascended from them, receiving a glow from the sun-beams, was a circumstance of unexpected beauty. We looked down upon a mingled surface of pines and larches, while the same trees rise to the height of a hundred feet by the side of the road. But among all the rude and wild magnificence of nature, Switzerland never leaves you in the desert; for in the intervals between the principal towns, the village or hamlet continually presents itself, and the peasant enlivens the scene. Rural labour, pastoral occupation, the herd, the flock, and the successive appearance of agriculture even in nooks and corners, on the mountain side or in the embosomed valley, never fail to call the attention of the traveller from the stern magnificence and richest beauties of nature, to the living scene of humble, unambitious life. We continually met the peasants with their cattle, in the care of which the women

take their share ; while the shepherd boys and girls watch the sheep and goats at their pasture. Indeed at every step the country presents the finest studies for the genius of the painter. In about two hours we had passed the narrow part of the valley, when the mountains took a small turn to the right, while those which rise above Chamonny, with Mont Blanc, were still in prospective view before us. The valley now wound to the left, and brought us to a beautiful green plain, enlivened by cottages and embellished by orchards. Just as we were on the descent from it, we descried on the upper part of one of the vallies an object of a singular appearance, and displaying a greenish hue, which our guide informed us was a branch of the glacier of Buisson. This awakened our attention to the operations of nature, in an appearance which we had not yet observed, and would soon call forth added astonishment and admiration. The road now descends, and, at a



small distance before us, these glaciers, of which we had only seen a part, now visibly shoot out into the plain, in the shape of a sloping hill, with an orbicular summit: their whiteness and blue green tints surpassed the snows on the heights, and their more projecting parts glitter in the evening sun, long after the lower portion of the mountain from which they seem to proceed is involved in obscurity. These glaciers bore the appearance of enormous pyramids of crystalised salt. Indeed, the pencil alone can give any thing like an adequate idea of their characteristic shapes, figure, and beauty, heightened and contrasted by the scenery that surrounds them. Behind them the glacier of Montanvert stretches into the plains; it is shaded by pines, and the part which here presents itself to the view is the foot of the great sea of ice, which extends eighteen leagues. Beneath the Buisson glacier is the village from which it derives a name, with its pretty church and

comfortable dwellings. The road to Chamonny may be described as a succession of villages, pleasing as objects to the eye, and a source of satisfactory reflection to the mind. It is impossible not to combine these terrific heights, that appear as if they were the barriers of the world, with the scenes which they overshadow, of active industry, mechanical ingenuity, agricultural labour, and pastoral life. Near Buisson are silver and copper mines, but they are no longer worked. The road is now so narrow in many parts of it, that it scarcely exceeds the breadth of the carriage. A very few inches frequently form all the space between the wheels and precipices of immense depth; but the tranquil confidence of the driver and the secure step of the mules dispelled apprehension. We now passed several rapid torrents, rushing with impetuous roar over their rocky channels, such as those of La Gria and Taconay, with their glaciers above them. The ap-



Drawn by Major Cookburn.

London, Published March 1. 1822 by Robert A. Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

MONT BLANC,  
FROM THE VILLAGE OF CHAMOUNY.



proach to Chamouny offers on the left the rude mountainous rocks of the most romantic shapes, intermingled with woods of stately growth, while the Arve flows in a delightful contrast on the right, over which a wooden bridge formed our passage. The village and church was for some time a pleasing landscape object in the diminishing distance. The latter is of the general form which prevails throughout the valley, consisting of plain white walls, with an overhanging roof, the steeple lofty, and pointed, with an octagonal basement covered with metal. The village consists of a few houses, with two inns, assuming the title of hotels; we preferred that which is called the Hotel de Londres. It is near the river, and close by a mill, whose deafening noise never ceases throughout the day. The windows command a view of the two glaciers to the right and left. We were met at every turn in this village by women and chil-

dren, who presented fruit, milk, and water; not however, with the importunity of beggars, but with humble respect and smiling entreaty. The evening was fine, and high aiguilles or needles appeared in superior beauty: the rocks, which rise to great elevation, and diminish towards their summits into sharp points, are called by that name. Mont Blanc lost nothing of its grandeur, though being so much nearer to it than we were at Salenche, its height had diminished to the eye.

JULY 23.—The day was fine, and we prepared to visit the Mer de Glace, or Sea of Ice, one of the most extraordinary scenes, which nature, in all her varieties, has to present to the view of the traveller. We began our expedition at seven in the morning, armed, as well as our guides, with long poles having spikes at the bottom, and furnished with the necessary store of provisions; we had mules, also, to carry us to the foot of the mountains.

We crossed the river, and entered a confined plain; and after passing a few houses and a small farm, we began to ascend the mountains. The road was, in a great measure, covered with fallen trunks of pines, larches, and huge fragments of rock. Woods of the larch tree surround the spot, whence beautiful peeps are gained of the opposite mountains, the plain, and the river beneath, with villages that are continually diminishing on the sight. The mules pass over the rocks with unexpected activity, and pick their way with a kind of miraculous security. After a meandering advancement of some length, and occasionally halting to draw breath, we arrived at a small avelanche, the name given to a vast mass of snow falling suddenly from the tops of the mountains, into, and often filling up, the valleys beneath. Here the road becomes impassable for mules, which were sent round to wait our return at the foot of



the glacier. After crossing the avelanche, we re-entered the woods and rocky scene, but still keeping a progressive ascent. Several masses of congealed snow succeeded, when we contemplated the rude, resistless ruins their fall had occasioned. Larches and pines were torn from their roots, and many of them were only stripped of their branches, or bent to the ground. The same force sometimes precipitates huge pieces of rock, and produces a sublime scene of devastation. These avelanches have been known to overwhelm, and, as it were, to bury a whole village. One of these avelanches was tremblingly terrific, and it required some presence of mind to pass over it without alarm: when about half way over, it was fearful to look down the horrid precipice, without a single circumstance that could break the fall, if a slip of the foot, which is more than possible, were to precipitate an unfortunate traveller into the abyss

below. Beneath this alarming spot is the village of Bois, the birthplace of two singular persons, with red eyes and white hair, who were shown in England as examples of the peculiar appearance of the inhabitants of a particular district in Switzerland. This, however, was a gross imposition on English credulity, they being considered as great curiosities in their own village, as in the foreign countries where they were exhibited.

From this part of the road is seen the glacier of Montanvert, which we are now approaching, as it descends to the plain. It consists of numerous piles of ice, rising, in some places, in pyramidal shapes, and in others, it extends in rough surfaces, varied with enormous crevices, which are distinguished by their blue colour. This glacier, the foot of which is of a dirty appearance, is piled up against a rocky height, with which it is more or less connected, though there are vacancies

between them, and numerous falls of water hurry rapidly from beneath the ice to the plain below. Towards its base, a vast arch of ice rises near a hundred feet in height, under which the Arveron rushes in a large body of water that flows rapidly to the Arve near Chamouny. We had now advanced near enough to hear the crackings and rude noises which these frozen accumulations so frequently produce; and we were soon surprised by a most tremendous sound, which we at first believed to be thunder, but it proved to be the fall of an avelanche, which we saw driving down the rock, with a terrifying uproar; and this was followed by several others in the course of the day. We continued our route up the mountain, which was clothed with all the grand and gloomy variety of rock and of forest; it was a most laborious journey, that required frequent rest; and we were obliged to halt, from time to time, to enjoy it. When we





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published Jan. 1. 1855. by Rodwell & Barton, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Robt. Wallis.

GLACIER OF MINE ION GLACE.  
FROM MONTAIGNEY.

had gained about two thirds of the ascent, we found ourselves surrounded by rocks and devastations of wood, occasioned by the irresistible violence of the avelanches, and the ravage of storms, which occasionally prevail here, with uncontrollable fury. Huge piles of separated branches and broken trees are here formed by the peasants, which they hurl down over the snows into the plains below. Through groves of larches, which grow here to a very large size, the Mer de Glace is visible, with the blue mountains beyond it. Here, also, we could perceive a glimpse of the Aiguille de Dru, an enormous peak, which seems to touch the sky. It is of an amber colour, spotted with snow, great masses of which cover the mountains beneath it: with snow we were also surrounded, edged with the red mountain rose, and other Alpine flowers; and among them was a blue offspring of Flora, of uncommon beauty. This may appear an extraordi-

nary circumstance to relate, but is no less founded in truth; for, perhaps, there is no subject more curious in the wide extent of natural history, than these glaciers, extending into fields of corn and pasture, and lying, without being melted, in a situation, where the sun is sufficiently powerful to bring vegetation to maturity; for it is almost literally true, as Mr. Coxe has observed, that at the same moment, you may with one hand touch ice, and with the other gather corn in a state for the sickle. This mountain is called Montanvert, and, notwithstanding its great height, there are acclivities which tower above it. After another exertion of no common fatigue, we began to clear the rocky and forest part of our ascent, and, at length, gained the summit, which amply repaid our labour.

From a spot covered with verdure, the sea of ice presented itself to our view; and, representing hills of frozen snow, heaped upon and rising behind each other,







Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published for the Society by Robert A. Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by A. Freebairn.

MER DE GLACE.

filled the valley. Some of them are horizontal, without any striking protuberances; while others present pyramidal or angular shapes. Their hues are various, that of a dusty hue being the most prevalent. The chasms are of considerable depth and breadth; and near them a blueish green predominates. Here, while the eye is lost in wonder, the ear is assailed by extraordinary noises, proceeding from the more distant avelanches, and the dislodgement of huge pieces of rock, occasioned by them. This valley appears to be from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, enclosed by stupendous mountains. Those on either side rise perpendicularly to sharp points, with inferior massy heights beneath them, and glaciers that seem suspended in the air. The view in front presents objects of a similar character to those which form the lateral boundaries, with the Giant Peak on one side of it; larches and pines of great size and unusual height

arose about us, and their sombre green forms a striking contrast to the dazzling white of the frozen sea, near which nature has scattered them. The state of the atmosphere was such as might be expected from a region of frost.—The sea of ice winds round the mountains on the left, to the extent of near eighteen leagues, and above them is another frozen sea, with two glaciers beyond it, which descend into the plain. Mont Blanc rises perpendicularly from the valley on the opposite side, where the snow does not lodge. On the height which we had now attained, a small house had been erected many years since, by Mr. Blair, an English gentleman, who resided some time in Switzerland; and which was long known by the name of Blair's Cabin. It is now occupied by a peasant, who furnishes refreshments; he has, also, mountain plants and pebbles, which he sells to the naturalist and botanical virtuoso. At this spot

the intense whiteness of the scene becomes painful to the sight.

When we had availed ourselves of such refreshments as we had brought with us, we continued our progress, and after a descent of about a quarter of an hour, we reached the ice. It was a rough path, with the usual accompaniments of rocks and firs. The pinnacles of frozen ice were of vast size; and violent crackings of the ice broke in upon the awful silence of the surrounding scene. The opposite mountains appeared to be altogether barren; but they, nevertheless, furnish a short, sweet grass, and nutritious herbage, to which cattle are sometimes driven to pasture. The chamois also inhabits this part of the mountains. The sea of ice appears to be produced by accumulated bodies of snow, hardened by the frost; the heat of the sun being no more than sufficient to melt a part of it, which, gliding over the surface, refreezes, and gives the whole an appear-

ance of massive ice; while the avelanches and fresh falls of snow supply the waste occasioned by any apparent or secret efflux of it. Some of the chasms are of great depth, and others are comparatively shallow; this is evident, as the lower part of the glacier that descends into the valley of Chamouny is visibly piled upon rocks, which run through it in a great variety of height and depth. Many of the pyramids have a clear and blue surface, while others appear only as piles of dirty snow. — But without entering into a philosophical discussion of the formation of this sea of ice, it is among the most wonderful objects that nature has been known to produce.

We now re-ascended the Montanvert, and stopped to contemplate once more the beautiful but tremendous scene. — While we were on the ice, we were surprised but not less delighted, with a summer offering of strawberries and milk, brought us by children in the midst of these re-

gions of eternal winter.—Indeed we were attended by groupes of little peasants throughout our ascent, with various fruitage; and the trifle which they received in return, produced those cheerful smiles of unaffected thankfulness, which, as Sterne would say, were worth far more than our generosity bestowed.—Some of them were collectors of the small stones and pebbles found on Mont Blanc, which the traveller seldom refrains from purchasing, as the testimonials of his researches, or to call forth interesting recollections by his domestic fire-side, when his native home has again received him.

We now prepared for our descent, which took a different direction from the way by which we ascended. When we re-entered the rocky and forest region, a magnificent view presented itself. Dark clouds rolled over the summit of the mountains on the opposite side of the valley, and the snowy tops, in contrasted gran-



deur, added to the sublimity of the scene. The place on which we now stood, in wondering contemplation, was shaded by larches and firs of stately forms, and extraordinary height. Through them we saw, far beneath us, the glacier in full splendour; and behind it, the dark blue sides of the mountains, whose craggy summits soared above the clouds. The depth was so great, and these vast objects so near, that we could not see the immense bases on which they rested. A winding road was seen to trace its way around the nearest of them, which led to the glacier and adjoining rocks of the most picturesque shapes.—Thunder alone was wanting to complete the terrific beauty of the scene. Here, our superior difficulties began, by descending the face of the mountain, with the great avelanche on our left. This descent is very toilsome, as there is no road or track of any kind; and the utmost precaution is necessary to prevent

falling between the rocks or over them. The same grand style of landscape accompanies this descent; and we enjoyed the recurrence of an avelanche, which fell from the sea of ice. In the lower part of our uncertain progress, the difficulties began to subside, as the way became less precipitate; but still it was toil and trouble. We now entered a stony plain watered by the Arveron, whose source was a striking object. Here several attendant females presented us with milk and water, which afforded very refreshing draughts after our descent, that employed three laborious hours. We now crossed the plain, passed the river by a bridge, and entered a wood of pines, where the mules were in waiting to convey us to Chamouny. On leaving the wood, we entered a new and most pleasing scene, from the contrast it afforded to the objects which had so long engrossed our attention; it was a plain, rich in fertility. We now passed the vil-

lage of Les Tres, very romantically situated, with Mount Breven in front of it. After passing the Arve by a wooden bridge, we saw the conflux of that river with the Arveron; their united streams refresh the valley of Chamouny, and proceed in a meandering course to increase the waters of the Rhone below Geneva. The village and church of Chamouny, with Mont Blanc, and the glacier of Buisson, formed the closing picture in this day's curious, delightful, and persevering expedition.

JULY 24.—The rain discouraged us from proceeding, and we accordingly made it a day of rest.—The valley of Chamouny is situated in that part of ancient Savoy, which is called Faussigny. It is separated from Italy on the south by the lofty chain of Mont Blanc; the Breven and the Aiguilles Rouges bound it on the north. The Col de Balme forms its limit on the east, and Mont Lacha on the west. The valley runs from the north-east to south-west, about six

leagues in length, and a quarter of a league in breadth, which is traversed by the Arve through its whole extent. Its elevation is two thousand feet above the Lake of Geneva, and consequently three thousand one hundred and seventy-four feet above the level of the sea. The elevated situation of the valley of Chamouny, and its position at the foot of mountains covered with snow, renders its atmospheric temperature too cold for the production of all the bounties of agriculture; but, at the same time, the inhabitants want nothing that is essentially necessary to the sustenance and actual comfort of life. The cottages are neat and clean, and there is a native simplicity of character in the people, which, though it may not exist in all its original purity since the great influx of strangers among them, is still an interesting object for reflection.

Incredible as it may appear, this curious and interesting valley, which contains the most elevated mountain of the

ancient world, remained unknown till the year 1741, when it was visited by Pocock, the learned traveller, and Mr. Windham, an English gentleman, who unveiled to Europe the first real knowledge of a country that is but eighteen leagues from Geneva. It had, till this extraordinary discovery, been considered as inhabited by a barbarous and savage people, while the lofty heights which surrounded it were known by the name of the Accursed Mountains. The winter continues from October till May. During that period, the snow is generally three feet in depth; but in the upper parts of the valley, it will sometimes accumulate to ten or twelve. In summer, the thermometer is at noon from 14 to 17°, and very seldom rises to 20. In the morning it is generally at 9°.—Even at their midsummer, fires are often required as an essential comfort. The valley contains fields, meadows, and Alpine pasturage. Its honey is very delicious, and is

remarkable for its perfect whiteness and aromatic perfume.

JULY 25.—At seven in the morning, we left Chamouny for Martigny, with three mules, one of which was laden with our baggage, and two guides. The road to Martigny is such a succession of mountain, valley, rock, glacier, avelanche, waterfall, river, and forest, in all the appearance of Alpine grandeur and awful nature, that it is impossible, by any language, to convey a conceivable idea of the various objects, in their extraordinary forms and combinations, which composed the wonders of this day's journey.

We passed the Aiguille and Glacier d'Argentiere, which yields in altitude only to Mont Blanc. A small village, with its church, is seated at the foot of it, which is reached by passing over a wooden bridge. Here are stationed a few soldiers, in the service of the custom-house, from whose interference with the baggage of the cu-

rious traveller a few francs will relieve him. The Col de Balme, the Aiguille Rouge, the Glaciers du Tour, and Buet and Mont Blanc, are the principal features of this part of our magnificent passage.—The weather did not permit us to take the route of the Col de Balme, as the snows were moist from the heavy rains: we proceeded, therefore, to the village of Le Tour, which is situated at the foot of it, and is the last in the vale of Chamouny.

On entering the valley of Valorsine, the snow-clad mountains assume a peculiar grandeur. It occupies rather a confined space, about three leagues in length, extending from the west to the east, and is watered by the Berard, a torrent that issues from the glaciers on the western side of the Buet, which has been described in a former page. The valley presents a great variety of romantic scenery; in the midst of which, Nature sometimes appears under a more pleasing and agreeable aspect. A



number of scattered cottages compose the village from whence the district derives its name. The road is rocky and rude, and the soil apparently poor ; but nevertheless abounds in wild flowers of great beauty. The habitations are raised on small piles of wood springing from stone foundations ; and so deep is the winter snow, that the peasants are sometimes obliged to employ ladders of twenty feet in height, to get in at their windows, which at such periods afford the only means of entrance. There is a church in the middle of the valley, with a strong and lofty stone rampart behind it, in the form of two sides of an equilateral triangle, the point bearing towards the mountain, as a safeguard against the devastation of the avelanches.—On leaving the church, the road descends, and a scene of singular grandeur presents itself. A hill on the left, crowned with cottages, declines to the river, foaming over rocks, among which the wheels of sawing mills are vi-

sible. We now entered a part of the road which recalled to us the wild imagination of Salvator Rosa, in his celebrated picture of St. John preaching in the Wilderness. After passing a bridge, we came to the last village in the territory of Savoy. On the farther side of the bridge, a stone bears the arms of Savoy on one side, and of Switzerland on the other. Here we re-entered the latter country; the road alternately ascending and descending, amid jutting rocks, enlivened by the most luxuriant trees; while a roaring river adds its rapid rush of waters to the scene. In about three miles, a stone wall with an arched gate presents itself as a barrier between the two countries. Having passed it, a magnificent cascade fixes the attention. It breaks into two falls, and dashes into the river beneath it. Having passed a bridge, we encountered a passage called the Tête de Noir. The heights on the left rise to the sky, and wherever a





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

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Engraved by R. Wallis.

LE VALAIS.

green spot is seen on them, there the peasant appears to have fixed his airy abode. The village of Caustelas is perched on a lofty eminence to the right; and on the left, that of Finio is seen, with its church, as it were, among the clouds. Here Alpine nature presents its most sublime, various, and fantastic forms, with their mingled forests and tumbling waters. We descended from the Tête de Noir, to the village of Triant, which is situated on a rising ground, with the Col de Balme behind it. This little place consists only of a chapel in ruins, and a few cottages, one of which is a small inn. We rested ourselves and our mules for an hour, when we ascended a mountain called Forclaz sur Martigny, four thousand four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the level of the sea. It is not difficult of ascent; but if it were, the toil would be well rewarded by the superb prospect which its summit com-

mands. The horizon is composed of a range of Alps covered with snow ; beneath which is the plain of Martigny, watered by the meandering Rhone : in the distance, is the town of Sion, with a valley rich in woods, villages, as well as cultivation, and enclosed by mountains.

We now descended to Martigny, amid thick groves of the walnut and the chestnut tree. Here we observed that the vine was cultivated. On reaching the valley, the road to Mont St. Bernard was seen on our right. Antiquaries have determined that this place was the Octodurum of the Romans, and that Cæsar subdued the inhabitants of this valley, in order to possess himself of the passage of the mountain. It is evident, indeed, from Cæsar's description, in the third book of his Commentaries, that Octodurum must have been in the vicinity of Martigny, if not precisely on the present site of this town ; though





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published May 1838 by Richard & Martin, No 30, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

OLD CASTLE.

AT MARTIGNY.





it does not appear that the remains of a Roman encampment are any where visible around it.

JULY 26.—The day wearing a gloomy appearance, we rested here, after our toilsome journey from Chamouny.—Martigny may be supposed to be much frequented, as it is in the leading passage over the great St. Bernard into Italy. It is situated three hundred and thirty-six feet above the lake of Geneva, and one thousand seven hundred and thirty-four feet above the level of the sea. The streets are narrow, but the houses are built principally of stone, and the church is a handsome structure. On the left of the town are the ruins of La Bathia, an old episcopal castle, and formerly the residence of the bishops of Sion. It crowns the summit of a craggy rock, beneath which, the Drance pursues its impetuous course through the valley of St. Maurice, till it yields the tribute of its waters to the Rhone.

JULY 27.—At five this morning we began our journey to Mont St. Bernard, so well known for the hospitalities of its convent, and its unrivalled elevation, amidst eternal snows. It is eight leagues distant from Martigny. It would here be superfluous to attempt, as it is impossible for the pen to give, a distinct, clear, and intelligible description of this day's journey. It embraced the Alpine features in their more sublime character, and all the rude magnificence of nature, breaking forth into endless varieties: while the tremendous prospects were occasionally cheered by a succession of villages, a numerous population, and a happy cultivation in every part of the mountain capable of being cultivated. Amid rocks piled on rocks, the fearful precipice, the roaring stream, the dashing waterfall, the fir-clad heights, and the snow-capped mountain, in an indescribable change of majestic grandeur and romantic beauty, the cottage,





Drawn by Major Colburn.

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Engraved by Chas. Ashby.

**ST BRANCHIER.**  
IN THE VALLEY OF BAGNE.

the farm, and the harvest appeared, some on the way side, and others, as it were, in the clouds, to solicit the softened attention, and suspend the pressure of astonishment. Nor in some parts are fields wanting, bright with flowers of every tint, to cheer the mind with their delightful variety. Religion, also, offers frequent objects of Catholic adoration; and the cross sometimes adds a picturesque feature to the summit of a rock.

The habitations of the mountain peasantry are placed upon wooden piles, with over-hanging roofs supported by poles. The intervals serve to dry linen and grain, as also to shelter their hay and their fuel. At this period, all were busy in the hay harvest, and the rye was in a ripening state. St. Branchier is the first village which we passed, with its chapel and houses of stone and plaster. The men here are universally clad in brown cloth; and it struck us as an unexpected singu-

larity, that the cocked hat should be frequently a part of their dress. Small hats of straw over linen caps form the head-dress of the women. In about an hour, we arrived at Ossieres, a small village, with its pretty church. After an ascent of four miles, we reached Liddes, whose church and parsonage formed an agreeable contrast to the gloomy shade of the pines around it, and small fountains seemed to be provided to refresh the traveller. It was most delightful, in these regions, stationed so far above the greater part of the inhabited world, to view their inhabitants collecting their winter stores; a quiet, simple, religious people, whom no convulsions ever disturb but those of nature. The mules bring the hay from the fields, and are so completely loaded, that the head is the only part of the animal which is visible. On the summit of a hill of no common height is St. Pierre, the last village on the route to St. Bernard,



and about three leagues from it. Here we remained for two hours, to refresh ourselves and the mules, as the far more fatiguing part of the ascent remained yet to be passed. The habitations now begin to diminish; even the larch and the pine seldom appear, and we entered a valley surrounded with enormous, barren mountains crowned with snow, and whose rocky parts wore a dark appearance. Such was the character of desolation around us, that a gloomy fancy might conjecture it to form the dreary confines of the world. A few scattered sheds for cattle, who pick up some hidden food in these barren regions, is all that appears of life; while the streams of melted snow tumbling from the heights, alone give somewhat of animation to the scene. On arriving at the termination of the valley, the road winds up a mountain on the right, with the Drance, which is here only a mountain stream falling from rock to rock, till it hurries along the plain

below. The mountains now approached so close, that the sun was lost at four in the afternoon. An awful silence reigned, which was only interrupted by the tinkling bells of the mules, and those of the cows belonging to the convent, who were roaming about in search of what they could find of meager pasture. We now passed two small houses: in one of them the monks place a daily portion of provisions for the famished traveller; and in the other are deposited the bodies of those who perish in the snow before they can reach the protecting and hospitable asylum of the convent. The region of snow, where no remnant of vegetation remained, was now encountered by us, and we had to pass two miles through it, in toilsome march, before we should reach the termination of our wondrous passage.

At length we arrived at the convent of St. Bernard, whose site is seven thousand five hundred and forty-two feet above the



Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published July 1839, by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

CONVENT ON THE GRAND ST BERNARD.



level of the sea, and the most elevated habitation known to exist on any Colossean height of the old world: though it does not stand on the highest part of the mountain; as many of the tremendous peaks, by which it is surrounded, are fifteen hundred feet above the lake, on whose edge the hospitable structure has been erected.

It was founded, in the tenth century, by St. Bernard de Menthon, from whom the mountain has derived its name. The monks are regular canons of the order of St. Augustin, whose office it is to receive, lodge, and nourish all persons of whatever rank, sex, or condition, who pass the mountain, without demanding any retribution. It is also their duty, which they daily perform in the more dangerous months of the year, to go out into the roads with large dogs of a quick scent, and trained to their object, to relieve such travellers as may want their assistance. These they convey

to the convent, where the most tender care and experienced skill are employed in their recovery. Should it be even necessary to amputate, the operation is performed with admirable attention, and all possible humanity. But if any unfortunate persons should be past recovery, they are removed to the travellers' burying-place, where they are deposited in their clothes, that they may be more easily recognised; and so unfavourable is this frozen region to putrefaction, that bodies have been known to remain there during two years without the least disfigurement of their features. This excellent establishment was once in the enjoyment of large possessions, but since it has been removed from the dominion of Savoy, it has lost the estates which belonged to it in that country.—It has still some territorial property in Switzerland; but, nevertheless, they would not be able to support the expenses of the house, if it

were not for the contributions which they collect in different parts of Europe, and apply to such a useful and pious purpose.

In this remote scene of sterile nature, where all vegetation stagnates, we find a seat consecrated to humanity and religion. Here the Christian virtues are exercised, as their divine Teacher inculcated, to all characters and religions, to the high and the low, the Jew and the Gentile, with unceasing zeal, and without the hope of any earthly reward.—It would surely betray a total want of right feeling not to admire the energy which religion can give to the mind, from the example before us. The place which these holy men inhabit is removed far from the pleasures of social life, and all the general objects of pursuit in the world beneath them. Their habitation is among the winds and tempests, and eternal frosts, and there they perform the sacred duties. Even in the four months which compose their summer, the snow



yields not. It was in July when we visited the then chilling region. But, in the eight winter months, if these holy men see their fellow creatures, it is to behold them always suffering, and sometimes mutilated, or to render them the last sad offices of sepulture. What a delightful reflection it is to virtue, that here is a power of cold and frost, which, though it sterilizes and freezes all inanimate nature, cannot touch the human heart: that remains warm from the influence of religion; while the pulses that rule the human affections, and urge them on to the first duties of man, set at defiance all the chilling powers of nature, till the cold hand of death conducts the good to their reward.

The convent consists of two large buildings, one of which is exclusively appropriated to the use of the brothers, and the reception of strangers of a certain rank. It is an oblong square, built on arches of great strength. It consists of two stories,

and the lower of them is twenty feet from the ground ; a gallery runs along the centre of the building on each story, and is divided by another at right angles. On our arrival at this extraordinary place, we were introduced to the prior, who received us in the refectory, a large room with books arranged on shelves. The politeness and hospitable attentions we received could not be exceeded. We were then conducted into another part, where we remained till supper ; one or other of the monks being in constant attendance upon us, and amusing us by a narrative of interesting circumstances connected with the history of the mountain : nor was the passage of Buonaparte forgotten. We were now ushered into the eating room ; and as we passed along, the great bell of the convent, which was over our head, tolled the conventual hour, and realised to our fancy the stories of our more gloomy and wonder-making novelists. We met at

the table, in addition to our own party, two English gentlemen and a lady. The supper consisted of eggs, rice, soup, and fruit; nor was wine forgotten. Several of the brothers attended us with the utmost assiduity, and two of superior age did the honours of the repast. The cold was so intense, that though we were wrapped in our great coats, and a large fire blazed on the hearth, a comfortable warmth was still wanting. At length we drew round the fire, and one of the famous life-preserving dogs was slumbering before it. Here our religious hosts continued the history of their elevated abode. About nine o'clock we were informed that our beds were ready, and we retired to rest; they were well warmed, and, with every additional comfort, invited us to repose. Two of us slept in the same chamber; but though extremely fatigued, the extraordinary circumstances of our situation prevented us, for some time, from closing our eyes.—We

rose at an early hour, when the snow was reflecting its light through the windows, the sun shining in all its glory, and not a cloud was visible in the heavens. On opening our chamber door, we heard the deep-toned organ; and, conducted by the sound, we entered the chapel, where the prior was performing high-mass in grand ceremonial, as it was the anniversary of the foundation of the convent. The altar wanted nothing of the splendid paraphernalia of the Roman Catholic religion; while the officiating priests and their attendants appeared in the rich vestments which such a festival claims for the service. The chapel itself is not deficient in appropriate ornament. The altar exhibits marble columns of exquisite workmanship, which must have cost immense labour and great expense, for their conveyance thither. The pulpit is of carved oak; and opposite to it, at the end of a chapel, is a marble monument to the memory of general Des-

saix, who fell at the battle of Marengo. That brave officer is represented as lying at the feet of his horse, in the arms of an hussar, while a soldier, with a down-cast look, holds the reins of the animal. The whole is well sculptured, and covers the remains of the warrior. The stalls are also of carved oak. There are two pictures of considerable merit; the subjects are the Last Supper, and Christ going to be crucified. There are other paintings on the ceiling, and about the chapel, that represent the fanciful allegories of superstition. When the service was concluded, we were entertained with an excellent breakfast, consisting of coffee, bread, butter, and honey.—The monks, who are fourteen in number, are generally young men, and appeared to enjoy a good state of health. The prior, and one or two of them, were more advanced in life, and may have attained the age of fifty; but they all possessed an air of contentment

and happiness. They receive no money in return for their hospitality ; but there is a small box in the chapel, in which the considerate visitor may drop what he thinks proper ; and that grateful offering is, it may be hoped, very seldom, if ever omitted. Indeed, when it is considered that thirty thousand persons are supposed annually to pass the mountain into Italy, it may be readily imagined what frequent applications are made to the Christian hospitality of this blessed establishment. According to Reaumer's thermometer, the cold in winter is eighteen degrees below the freezing point in the dormitories of the monks, and twenty-four in the apartments which are continually warmed by fires.— Upon a height to the west of St. Bernard, is a flat surface, which is called *Le Plan de Jupiter*, which was formerly occupied by an ancient temple, dedicated to the Father of the Heathen Deities. Among the ruins, medals, &c. have been found,

inscribed *Jovi Poenino*, a title derived from the Celtic word *Penn*, signifying height or summit.

JULY 28.—We now took leave of our kind hosts, to whose humane piety we had been so much indebted, and who, previous to our departure, requested us to inscribe our names in the album of their convent. It has been a subject of controversy among antiquaries, whether the celebrated march of Hannibal into Italy was over this mountain. The last author who sustains that opinion, with his usual sagacity and superior learning, was our countryman Whitaker, in his work, entitled "*The Course of Hannibal*," &c.—It is, however, too familiar to the experience of Europe, that Buonaparte made the passage of this mountain, with fifty-eight pieces of cannon, previous to the battle of Marengo. The month of May was the time he chose for this extraordinary expedition, when the snow was so hard and slippery, that the



guns and materiel of the army were slid over the ice with comparative ease. It is also a most remarkable circumstance, that in this daring and adventurous march, he did not lose a single man. Napoleon lodged at Martigny, in the priory of the fathers of St. Bernard; he also slept at Ossieres, took refreshment at St. Bernard, and proceeded from thence to Etroubles.

The following quotation from Silius Italicus presents an animated and accurate description of this wonderful mountain.

*Cuncta gelu canâque æternum grandine tecta,  
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis  
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo,  
Duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas:  
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus,  
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis  
A superâ tellure patet, tam longa per auras  
Erigitur Tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbrâ.  
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores.  
Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur  
Perpetuas deformis Hiems: illa undique nubes  
Huc atras agit, et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.*

Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna  
Alpinâ posuère domo, caligat in altis  
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.

SIL. ITAL. l. 3.

The translation by Mr. Addison.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow  
That fell a thousand centuries ago,  
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun  
Unfix her frosts, and teach them how to run :  
Deep as the dark, infernal waters lie  
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,  
So far the proud, ascending rocks invade  
Heaven's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade.  
No spring nor summer, on the mountain seen,  
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green ;  
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,  
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there :  
There she assembles all her blackest storms,  
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms ;  
Thither the loud, tumultuous winds resort,  
And on the mountain keep their boisterous court,  
That in thick showers her rocky summit shrouds,  
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

The frost, during the night, and in the morning, had rendered the snow so hard, that it greatly eased our descent. The sun's influence improved the state of the air,

and we proceeded from winter to spring, and at length to summer. The appearance and consequent effects of the different climates were very striking. To valleys of snow succeeded the barren mountains: the air then became more mild; the larch and the pine soon presented themselves to our enlivened attention, and the town of St. Pierre, with its cultivated fields, gave us a pleasant warning that we were approaching the abodes of social man. Here we halted for an hour, and then proceeded to Liddes. On looking back from thence, we observed that the weather was threatening; the tops of the mountain near St. Bernard were hid, and the snow began to fall. We therefore hurried on, from an apprehension of rain: as we passed Ossieres, the clouds were dark and heavy, and as we reached St. Bronchier, it fell in torrents; but about eight o'clock, we regained our inn at Martigny, inex-

pressibly gratified with our astonishing excursion.

JULY 29 and 30, we remained at Martigny.

JULY 31.—The day was not very propitious, but we proceeded on our journey to Sion, through a country abounding in beautiful scenery, and in such successive variety, that the attention could not be suspended for a moment. Saxon, the first village from Martigny, is delightfully situated: the hills which surround its southern extremity, as well as those that rise in opposition to them, are abundantly fruitful. They display a succession of extensive vineyards and rich meadows, crowned with groves of firs, that lose themselves in the snowy and spiry peaks of the mountains, to which these hills form an apparent base. Having crossed the Rhone, we soon reached St. Pierre, the last village of the Lower Vallais. The road now of-

ferred a successive scene of beautiful landscape. The cottages and their orchards, with park-like spots of the finest verdure; vineyards and groves were contrasted by the forest and the mountain; the whole animated by rural industry, and enriched by the golden harvest. At no great distance from St. Pierre, we crossed the Morgia, whose stream divides the Upper from the Lower Vallais.

The town of Sion now presents itself, environed by mountains; while two stupendous peaks, crowned with the ruins of ancient castles, are seen on the left side of the road. We entered the place, and soon arrived at the Golden Lion, a large inn, fronted with arcades. Sion, a city and episcopal see, is seated on the banks of the Rhone, at the foot of three insulated rocks which rise immediately from the plain. The highest, which is called Tourbillon, supports the ruins of the old episcopal palace; on the second, denominated

Valeria, are the remains of the old cathedral, and some canonical residences; on Mayoria, the third rock, stands the episcopal palace, an ancient edifice of stone, built in 1547.—It boasts of great antiquity, and is surrounded by old walls, flanked by Gothic towers. It was formerly the capital of the Seduni, who inhabited this part of the country in the time of Julius Cæsar. A few remaining inscriptions appear to prove its antiquity. It contains seven churches, including the cathedral. The town-house is a large structure, with a tower over the entrance. The door is of oak, and on it is carved the Judgment of Solomon. The principal street is the market, and is refreshed by several small fountains. The houses are well built, but their interior is not inviting. Cleanliness does not prevail in the Vallais; the goitiers, or swelled throats, are seen to abound, and idiocy too often offers its melancholy picture of human imbecility. The bishop of Sion was for-

merly absolute sovereign over the greater part of the Vallais; but, at present, his power is comparatively limited, though in addition to his episcopal title, he styles himself prince of the German empire, and count and præfect of the Vallais.

AUGUST 1.—We left Sion this morning for the baths of Leuch, and entered upon a most delightful country. Before our descent into the plain, we were gratified with a grand view of the Vallais, and its fine accessory objects. During the whole journey the Rhone is on the left. Some of the mountains are clad with walls ranged above each other, on which the vines are trained. For a considerable distance, the highway is guarded by a parapet from the river. Mountainous rocks now hang over the road, but beautiful trees adorn their base; while those on the opposite side offer their contrasted shapes, heightened by different hues. The mountains widened before we reached Lierne, a village on the



road to Simplon, and three leagues from Sion. We now passed a fine cultivated country, which was busy in its harvest. We then reached Salline, with its groves of walnut trees and flourishing orchards. The houses are of wood, on account of its superior warmth, but they are raised on stone foundations. Higher up, and close to the mountains, is Varrone, whose situation is altogether romantic, it being built on a hill that juts boldly out into the valley. Here the arduous parts of the journey to Leuch commence, and they are as difficult to describe as to surmount. On gaining the summit of a mountain by a long and rough road, a magnificent view presents itself over a country of great extent; while the Simplon mountains, of various forms, the village, the castle, and the winding Rhone, combine to enliven the prospect. A deep ravine now succeeds, filled with pines; and an invisible river is heard roaring along its bottom; and the road





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London. Published July 1. 1835. by Deben & Martin, No. 20. Strand.

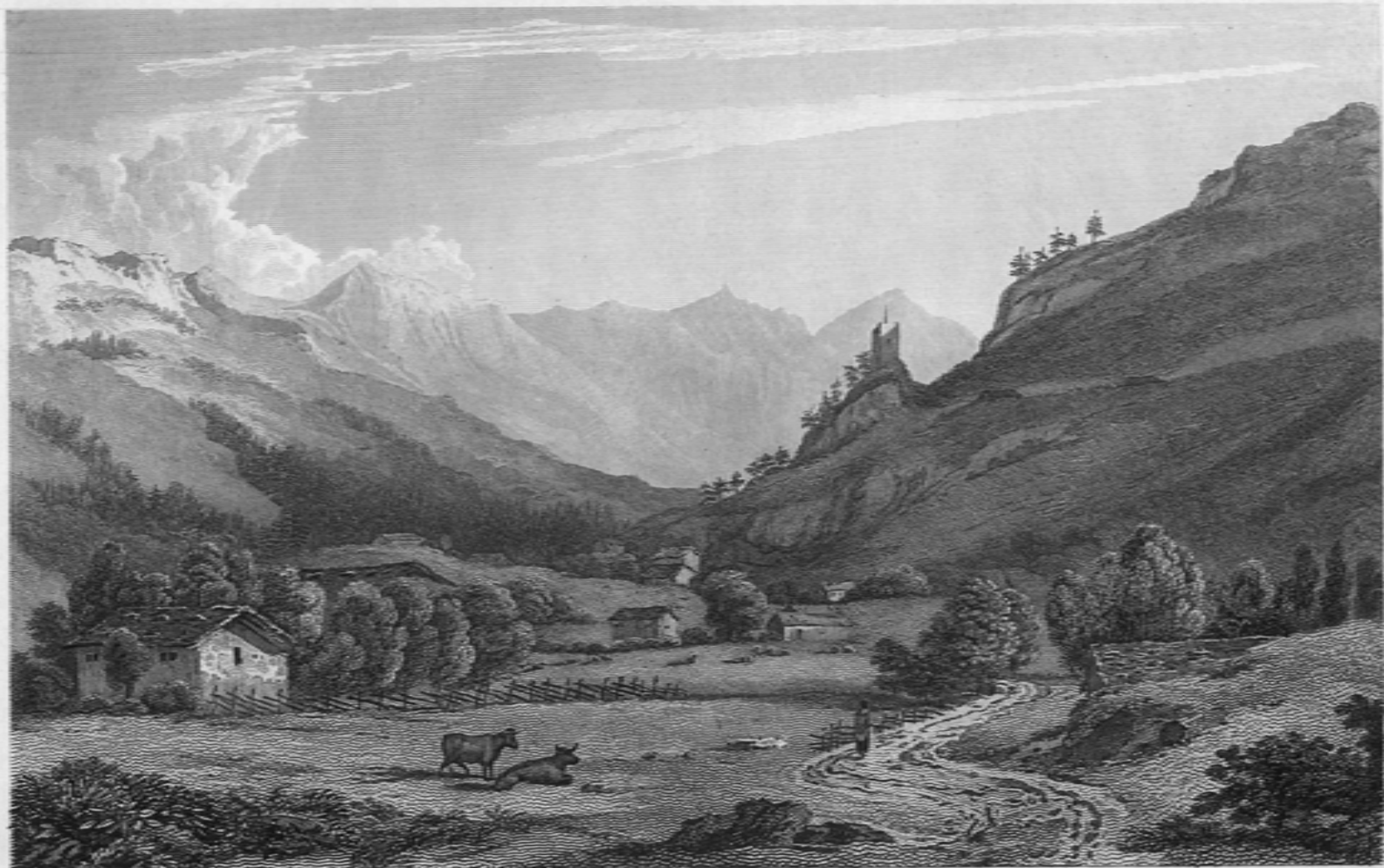
Engraved by Chas. Stacey.

THE GEM.

passes under a precipice whose summit dreadfully overhangs its base. The village of Endon appears situated on the brow of an abrupt mountain, and several clusters of cottages hang on the heights above the ravine. We now entered the passage called the Gallery, with the most terrific rocks hanging over our heads: half an hour was occupied in this pass, when green fields relieved us from it; and on the ascent beyond the village of Endon, flowers of every hue appeared to spread a variegated carpet around us. We now arrived at the passage of the Seven Ladders, raised from precipice to precipice, and by which, even women and children, fearless of danger, descend from, or gain the summit.

The baths of Leuch were now before us, at the base of a range of mountains which separate the canton of Berne from the Vallais. It is called the Ghemmi, and is the most difficult pass in Switzerland.

In many places it is almost perpendicular ; and yet a horse road has been hewn in the hard rock down this formidable descent. It was begun in 1736, and finished in 1741, at the joint expense of the Vallais and the canton of Berne, and offers an astonishing example of human labour. Upwards of a league was blown up with gunpowder. The road is about nine feet in breadth, and hangs over the precipice. In some parts it is a hollow way, open only on one side, the rock above projecting over it, of the same breadth. The effect is of a singular character ; for as the road continually winds, the scenery is proportionably changing ; so that at one moment the traveller is, as it were, involved in rock, and the next enjoys an extensive and majestic prospect. The descent from the top to the plain is about two leagues ; and when arrived at the bottom, it is impossible to discover the slightest traces of the road which has been passed.—The whole



Drawn by Major Cochrane.

London, Published Jan. 1. 1810 by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

FELSENBURGH.





way appears extremely dangerous to those who are unused to mountainous countries, or whose heads are not strong enough to resist the view of such precipitous depths, as so frequently attract the attention in this extraordinary passage. It required an hour and a half to reach the summit of the pass. Poles were placed from rock to rock to point out the path, which led to a lake, lately dried up, whose black soil, with the barren rocks and snow, formed an intervening spot of dismal scenery. In this scene of desolation we found real and most acceptable hospitality in the cottage of a peasant, and an appearance, at least, of smiling contentment. We now saw the pass that leads to the valley of Trutigen, and approached the rocks that rise to the head of it.—Down the face of them, zig-zag paths lead through groves of pines, and by a delightful waterfall, to the most interesting valley in Switzerland, whose tranquil charms seem heightened by re-

flecting on the grand, wild, and sublime scenery which has been so lately passed. At Kanderstay, a village situated on the river Kander, and which is at the foot of the ascent to the Ghemmi, we stopped to dine, and hired a car to proceed to Trutigen, a charming village, on the road to Thun.—The following day we returned to Leuch.

At Leuch we found one large hotel, with rather uncomfortable accommodations, and about fifty persons in possession of it. The houses are of wood, and in one of them we slept. The medicinal waters are said to be efficacious in cases of gout, rheumatism, and eruptions on the skin; but the discipline the patients undergo is certainly tedious, if not severe; as they remain in the bath from seven to nine hours, without the least intermission. The bath is in a large room, divided into four partitions, in which are seen men, women, and children, clad in flannel, with

their usual head-dress of caps and hats. Small tables are floating about, on which are books, working materials, and other necessities suited to the different amusements or circumstances of the bathers. There are parties engaged in conversation, while some are seen gliding across the water to join in them. There are those who sleep, and others who study: in short, the whole forms a most singular and amusing scene to a healthy spectator.—There are several springs of different warmth, and of different qualities; as the patients drink at some of the springs, while others form the bath. According to the most accurate experiments, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer, when plunged into the principal source, stands at 115, and at 120 in the spring which flows near the bridge over the Dala. Among other local circumstances, we observed fourteen wolves hung up before a house; and last year, as we were informed, the cattle had suffered

from the inroads of bears. The village has been destroyed by avelanches more than once; and there seems to be little to invite social beings to make it a place of continual habitation. It has, indeed, at present, somewhat of the air of a public place, though its domestic arrangements possess a primitive character; for here the good people dine at eleven, and sup at seven.

AUGUST 3.—We took our leave of the baths of Leuch, and returned by the way which conducted us to them: at eight in the evening we reached Sion.

AUGUST 4.—We pursued our journey back to Martigny, where we slept. On the following day we proceeded to Bex. The road proceeds, under the old episcopal castle, with the Drance on the right, and rocky mountains to the left. Having by a bridge crossed the Trient, a torrent which issues from a very remarkable chasm in the mountain, we reached the Pisse vache, a waterfall so well known to travel-

lers. It bursts from a cleft in the middle of the rock, through hanging shrubs, and forms a column of two hundred feet. When the sun shines on it, a very striking appearance is produced. The height of the fall increasing the quantity of air, a part of the water is reduced into vapour, and forms a rainbow of inexpressible beauty when the rays of the sun fall upon it. It is at sunrise when this delicious spectacle presents itself. Huge rocks scattered around it, the fine intermixture of foliage, and a picturesque village in its immediate vicinity, composed a scene of extraordinary solitude. The valley we now entered, though not without its Alpine features both as to grandeur and beauty, offers a wider expanse of prospect than the Vallais.

Near St. Maurice, a large rocky mountain runs across the valley from the left, and another from the right: beneath the former, and, in some measure upon the foot of it, St. Maurice is situated, and is

seen at some distance on the approach towards it. Here, on the face of a mountain, a chapel and a hermitage are attractive objects. Their situation is so steep as well as elevated, as to excite a curious inquiry, how the hermit ascends to his abode. The most beautiful orchards decorate the entrance to the town, in one of which the military of the place were engaged in their exercise, surrounded by a number of its inhabitants. The Rhone is passed by a bridge, a handsome structure, and supposed to have been built by the Romans. It is of a single arch, that stretches 130 feet. As you leave or enter St. Maurice, there is a gate which is shut at night. This passage commands the whole valley of Vallais. This town is the Agaunum of the ancient Romans, where these masters of the world are said to have sent their dead from a great distance, as a place of sepulture. The pavement of the abbey church was formerly composed of the sepulchral stones



Drawn by Major Colclough.

Engraved by Robert & Smith, The Great Street.

Engraved by Geo. Smith.

# BRIDGE OVER THE RHONE.

AT ST MAURICE.





of the ancient tombs. It is said, that in the year 302, the emperor Maximin caused the Theban legion, which was stationed in this place, to be massacred, for refusing to renounce Christianity; and that the town has since derived its name of St. Maurice, from the leader of this band of martyrs. The bridge, and some inscriptions preserved in the abbey, are all the Roman antiquities which this place can boast. A road, lined with fruit trees, having a rocky hill covered with wood to the right, and the Rhone winding through the plain on the left, conducted us on our way. We had now entered the Pays de Vaud, whose extensive plains, rich in their harvest, were proportionably pleasing, as contrasted with the less cultivated scenery which we had passed. In an hour we arrived at Bex, the most delightful village which we had yet seen. It contains several good houses, and an inn that might vie with those of our own country. In the evening we

walked up a mountain to obtain a commanding view of the plain.—Before us was the lake of Geneva, with the lofty mountains that formed the boundaries of the country around it; the Rhone was seen meandering through the level country on the left, till it delivers up its water to the lake; the valley was covered with corn; vineyards clothed the sides of the mountain which we had ascended, and woods crowned its summit; and the lofty mountains, white with snow, which surround Martigny, arose in the distance behind us.

This place is principally remarkable for the salt-works in its neighbourhood, and which are the only ones in Switzerland. They are about an hour's walk from Bex, and our curiosity was highly gratified in the visit which we paid to them. The salt is procured from springs, which are found within a solid rock, perforated at a great expense. The gallery, which forms the



Drawn by Major Cuthbert.

London, Published July 1. 1845 by Richard & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by W. Radclyffe.

VILLAGE OF BEX.



entrance to them, is almost horizontal, six feet high, four broad, and about three thousand feet in length. A wheel of thirty-five feet diameter raises the brine from the depth of seventy feet. From this place a shaft, 300 feet high, is cut through the mountain to the surface, for the purpose of introducing fresh air. No solid salt, excepting a few small cubes, has been yet discovered; but the mountain is replete with its particles. The descent is by ladders, 300 feet, to where the miners are at work.

AUGUST 7.—We commenced our journey to Vevay, through a charming and well-cultivated country; and here we could not but remark a striking difference between the Catholic and Protestant cantons. On leaving St. Maurice, we entered the latter, and observed their superior appearance.—The peasantry were well clad; a spirit of industry every where prevailed; the villages were of a most inviting character; and there were no poor to trouble

you with their solicitations. The mountains closed upon our right, while those upon the left retreated to a considerable distance.—The interval was a level plain covered with corn, hemp, and vineyards. The road abounded in walnut trees, from whose fruit the inhabitants extract an oil.

In an hour we passed the village of St. Tryphon, situated on a large, rocky hill, extending for some considerable distance; the whole covered with beautiful trees, and a green plain beneath it. The slopes of the mountains are clothed with vines, as the Pays de Vaud is well known for the excellence of their produce. The castle of the same name offers a very picturesque object, situated on the summit of an insulated rock, and surrounded with wood. It is said to be built of black marble, and probably of a beautiful species of it in that neighbourhood. St. Tryphon was a native of Phrygia, who is said to



have suffered martyrdom at Nice, in the year 251, during the persecution of the emperor Decius.—At no great distance, we reached the pleasant little town of Aigle, whose neat and clean appearance associated the ideas of ease and comfort. The mountains are lofty, and form a kind of nook to the right, in which a part of the town and an old chateau are embosomed. The place is surrounded with vineyards; and the situation itself bears a romantic appearance. We now passed a bridge over the torrent of the Grande Eau, and soon arrived at a point, when the high hills over the lake of Geneva burst upon the view before us. Mont Jura rose to the left in the remote distance, while the near plain, of considerable extent, was animated by herds of cattle. Villages and country houses enlivened our route on all sides, which may, indeed, be said to pass through one continued garden.

We now reached Villeneuve, a small town at the extremity of the lake, where the view is of the first character, both as to grandeur and beauty, and displays a superb picture to the eye of the astonished and delighted traveller. The magnificent piece of water now before us stretches from Geneva to this charming spot, in length fifty-four miles: it assumes the shape of a crescent; Switzerland forms the hollow, Savoy the convex part; the greatest breadth is twelve miles, from St. Sulpice to Grande Rive: the Alps of Savoy, covered with ice coeval with themselves, form a bold and aspiring boundary. The country from Geneva to the vicinity of Lausanne slopes, for a considerable way, to the margin of the lake, rich in all the various beauties of nature, and bounded by the Jura, with its woods and its pastures. The banks near Lausanne form a delightful terrace, from which there is a picturesque descent to the lake, whose





Drawn by Major Cochrane.

Engraved by Robert A. Smith, New York Street.

Designed by Chas. Smith.

CASTLE OF CHILLON.

water is extremely clear, and at a distance appears of the finest blue.—In some parts, vineyards cover their hills from the tops to the very shore beneath them: they were, at this time, enlivened by the peasantry of both sexes, who were occupied in dressing them. The habit of the women appeared to be suggested by a picturesque fancy. Their jackets are mostly black, with white sleeves, and petticoats of various colours; while their hats are large and flat, the crown rising into a peak.

At the head of the lake, and a few yards from the shore, with which it is connected, is the castle of Chillon, with its towers and their pinnacle roofs. Its vaults are very fine, and the whole structure is in a handsome Gothic style. It was wrested, in 1536, from Charles the Third of Savoy, by the canton of Berne, assisted by the Genevans, who furnished an armed vessel, their whole naval force, to besiege it by water. In a deep dungeon, below the

level of the lake, the conqueror found Bonivard, prior of St. Victor, the intrepid antagonist of the dukes of Savoy, and the great assertor of Genevan independence. He had been imprisoned by the Savoyards during six years, and by constantly walking in his very confined limits, had actually worn a peripatetic hollow in the rock which he had so long traversed. It is now converted into an arsenal. Near this spot, the fanciful Rousseau has chosen the scene for the catastrophe of his *Julia*; there is she represented as having thrown herself into the lake to save the life of her child, and by which act of parental fondness she lost her own. After passing the charming village of Montreux, we arrived at Clarens, the imaginary habitation of *Julia*; the reflections of whose extraordinary passion, and still more extraordinary consequences of it, as painted by the glowing pencil of Rousseau, give an irresistible interest to those places which he has described as the



Designed by Major Gardiner.

London, Published May 1. 1819, by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Smith.

CLARENS.  
ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.



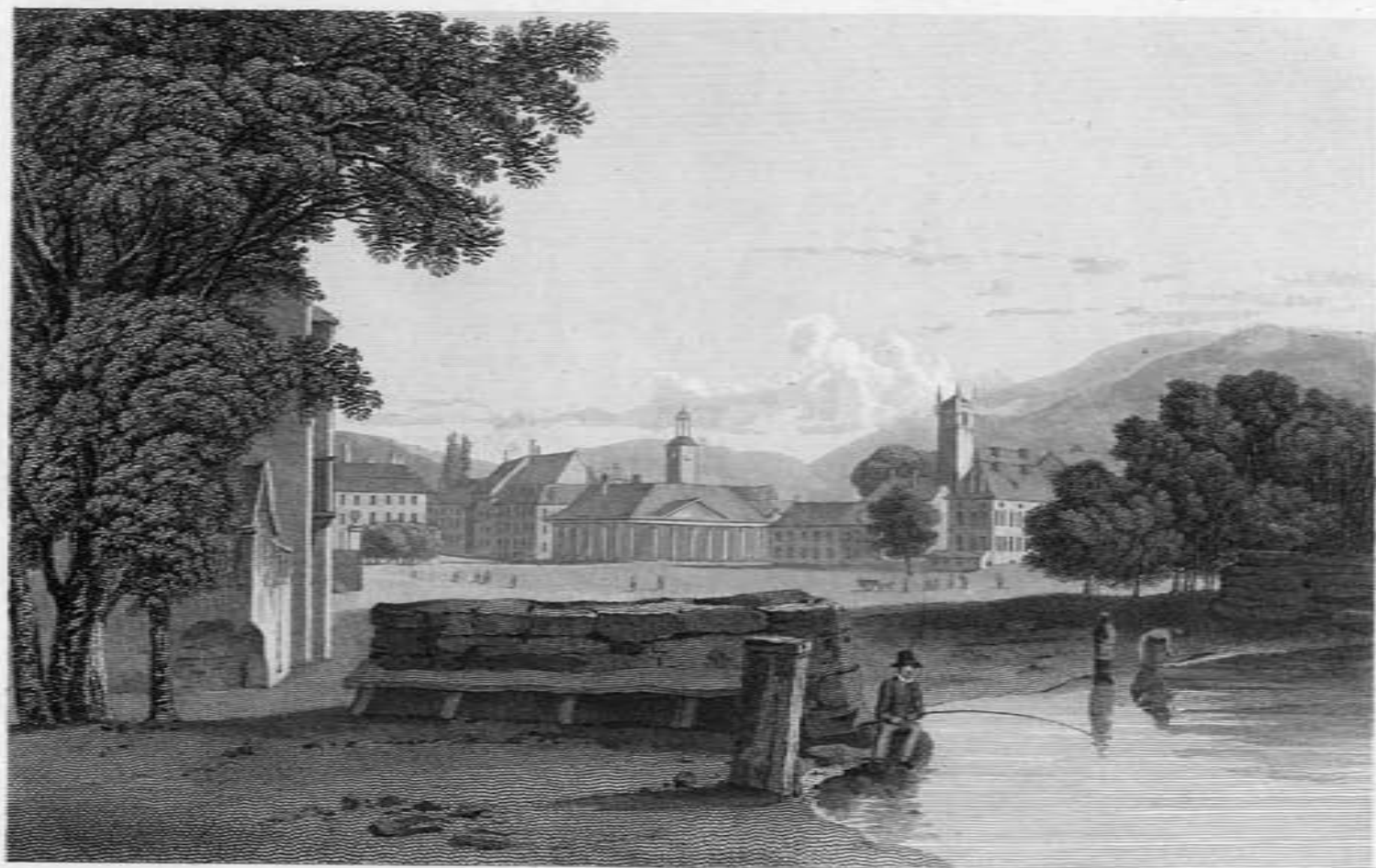


scenes of his highly impassioned romance. The château of Clarens is in perfect repair; but though the situation and its surrounding beauties harmonize with the animated description of his pages, the structure disappoints the expectation of the enthusiastic traveller. Jean Jaques lived for some time in the midst of these enchanting scenes of nature, and in the continual contemplation of them; nevertheless, the warm colouring of his imagination was baffled in its attempts to reach them. Opposite to Clarens, on the other shore of the lake, are the dark, gloomy rocks of Meillerie. The village lies in the recess of a small bay at the foot of impending mountains, in some parts gently sloping, and clothed to the water's edge with dark forests; in others, naked and perpendicular, bringing to recollection the fancied rocks of Leucata, famous in the classical regions of poetry for being the last resort of despairing lovers; and thus has Rousseau

assimilated the scene to the state and circumstances of St. Preux, the hapless lover of Julia.—“ Je n’ai plus qu’un mot à vous dire, O Julie. Vous connoissez l’antique usage du rocher de Leucate, dernier refuge des amans malheureux. Ce lieu-ci lui ressemble à bien des égards. La roche est éscarpée, l’eau est profonde, et je suis au desespoir.”

We now passed La Tour, a pretty town on the banks of the lake, and entered Vevey, which is considered as one of the pleasantest in Switzerland, where we remained three days. It is a place of considerable extent, well built, and chiefly of stone. It stands on the margin of the water, possesses a small harbour, and carries on some degree of trade. Its environs offer an inexhaustible variety of ravishing prospects, combining all that the sublime and the beautiful, the savage wildness and the more tranquil amenities of nature, can present to the eye. The mountains of





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published March 1806, by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by G. Colwell.

VEVAY.

Savoy extend in front, and those in the Vallais on their left: in the distance, is a snowy mountain that is passed on the route to St. Bernard. The valley of the Vaud unites the mountains over Bex to those over Savoy; while the Rhone winds through it, and empties itself into the lake close to the Savoy shore. On the right, the Jura mountains close the distance; and on the left, La Tour, Clarens, and Montreux, are seen at the bases of the high hills and mountains which form their grand horizon. Villeneuve is also visible across the lake, which is here about two leagues in breadth. The market-house of Vevay is a handsome building, supported by Ionic columns, and surrounded by flights of steps. The cathedral is a large plain structure, which stands just above the town, and is surrounded by shady walks: it cannot fail to excite the attention of the English traveller, as it contains the ashes of Edmund Ludlow, the well-known parliamentary

general, who, at least, was true to his principles; as he with equal firmness opposed the usurpation of Cromwell, as he had resisted the government of Charles I. Being excepted, as one of the king's judges, from the Act of Indemnity, passed at the Restoration of Charles II. he sought an asylum, and found it at Vevay, under the protection of Berne. After a vain attempt to settle in England at the Revolution, he returned to this place, where he died in 1693, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. His monument is a plain slab of black marble, with a Latin inscription. It was erected by his wife, who is represented as his constant partner in misfortunes; and, excited by her own greatness of mind, and the force of conjugal love, followed him into banishment, and constantly bore him company to his death.—The house which he inhabited stands near the gate leading to the Vallais, and the old motto is still preserved, as a respectful memorial of





Drawn by Major Curlious.

London, Published by W. & A. G. Smith, 10, Strand Street.

Engraved by G. H. Smith.

VEVAY.



him:—"Omne solum forti patria est, quia Patris."

AUGUST 7.—We crossed the lake to take a near view of Meillerie, which, at a distance, was considered as an interesting object, from the artificial circumstances connected with it. It employed six hours to go and return; and the moon, which rose above the mountains ere we reached Vevay, gave a new character to the surrounding scene. On the following day, we also made an aquatic excursion to Clarens and Montreux: at the latter place there is a bridge over a waterfall, of about eighty feet in its descent. Here the former delightful spot renewed its delusive interest. We had viewed the scenes of the Nouvelle Heloise by land; we now contemplated them from the water, and by moonlight.

The district between Vevay and Lausanne is called La Vaux; the road is on the banks of the lake, passing through St. Saphorin, Cully, Lutry, Villette, and other

small towns or villages. The country, which is hilly, rises abruptly from the lake, with ranges of vineyards; above which are rich meadows, and a continued forest. This little journey occupies about four hours, and is agreeably diversified by a succession of cascades, formed by the junction of rivulets, which descend from the mountains, and glide away in silver streams. There is one in particular, near the little town of St. Saphorin, which will not fail to attract the notice of the traveller.

Lausanne is seated on a declivity, about four hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the lake. The site of the town is so very irregular, that it includes within its walls three hills of no inconsiderable height; so that the streets are on a continual ascent and descent; and, in some places, horses cannot draw a carriage but with great difficulty, while foot passengers are assisted by flights of steps to attain the upper parts of the city. But





these inconveniences are amply compensated by the magnificence of prospect, which is produced by the lake of Geneva, the Pays de Vaud, the coast of Chablais, and the grand St. Bernard, as distinct objects, and in their combined effects. This city contains about seven thousand inhabitants, and, like the other principal places of Switzerland, possesses the necessary aids in the pursuit of knowledge. The public library has many valuable and scarce books. The hospitals are well regulated; and the cathedral is worthy of admiration, both from its magnitude and highly-finished execution. The town-house and arsenal are fine structures, and many of the private houses are handsome buildings. An English traveller will not forget, that, among the many eminent persons who, at different times, have chosen Lausanne as a place of residence, Gibbon, the historian, for many studious years, was an honoured inhabitant of it.



At the distance of about six miles is the town of Morges, which is extremely pleasant, well-built, populous, and carries on some trade, from its situation near the lake. It has likewise a commodious and spacious port, capable of admitting one hundred large vessels, besides warehouses and magazines. Its church is also a very handsome structure; and the banks on which the town is placed form an amphitheatre, gently rising to the Jura; while, through an immense opening in the opposite chain of rocks, Mont Blanc, crowned with the snow of ages, rises to the view.

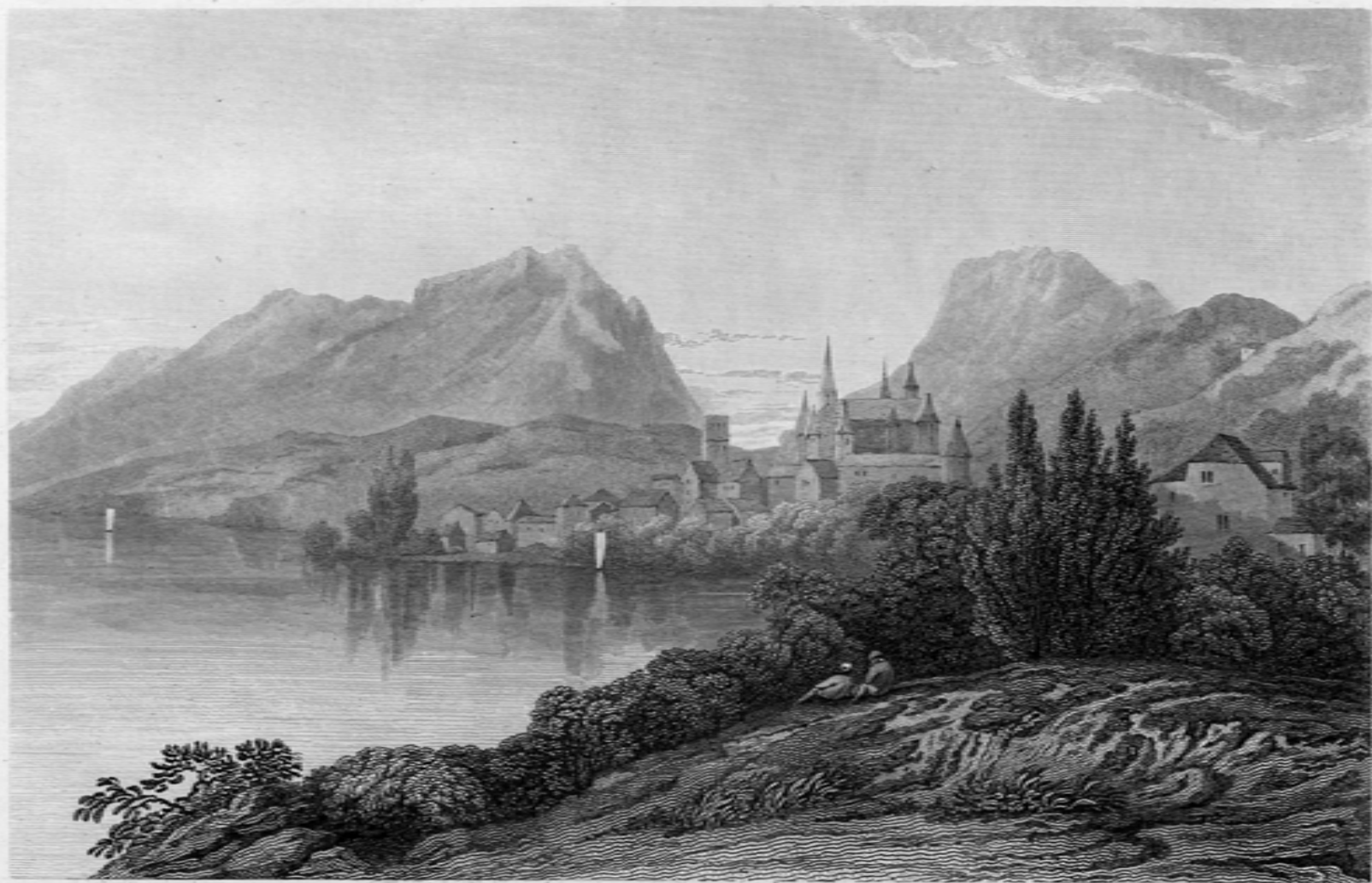
We now proceeded through a fine fruitful country to Yverdun. It is a handsome town, built of stone, and very agreeably situated on the banks of the lake of Neufchâtel. It is surrounded by the Orbe and the Thiéle, which, after uniting their waters, fall into the lake. There is a fine well-planted promenade between the lake

and the town, that gives an entire view of the former, which is about twenty miles in length, and five in breadth, and whose banks are covered with country houses. What trade it possesses arises from its being a passage for merchandise between Piedmont and Germany. It was famous for its printing-press, in the beginning of the last century, and many very distinguished works issued from it.

We now skirted the west side of the lake of Neufchâtel, and, in about three miles, reached Granson, a small town at the foot of Mont Jura, which is remarkable for having been the scene of a battle, when Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, was defeated by the Swiss, in 1476. About six miles from this place, we entered the principality of Neufchâtel; the road runs along the side of the Jura, passing through St. Aubin, Boudri, and Colombier, most agreeably disposed on the margin of the water. The country bears a resemblance

to the district between Vevay and Lausanne; but the borders of the lake do not possess the boldness and irregularity of that of Geneva. Near Granson and St. Aubin, the eye is gratified with meadows and corn fields; but on approaching Neufchâtel, the heights of the mountains are clothed with forests, while the middle and lower parts are covered with vineyards.

The town of Neufchâtel does not contain more than three thousand inhabitants, and is situated principally on a declivity of Mont Jura; so that some of its streets are very steep. Its principal article of commerce is the wine produced in the neighbouring vineyards. Among its public works is a noble causeway leading towards the valley of St. Imier, and a town-house, erected upon such principles of duration and stability, as to defy the depredations of time itself. The beautiful valley of Travers forms a part of Neufchâtel, and is watered by the Eeus;



Drawn by Major Colburn.

London, Published Jan. 1. 1801 by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Smith.

NEUCHÂTEL.



abounds in pastures, is bordered by hills gently rising from the banks of the river, and beautifully sprinkled with wood. It has, however, been rendered remarkable by having been the residence of Rousseau.—The house which he inhabited was a small wooden building; the room chiefly occupied by him is preserved as a philosophic curiosity.—His motives for quitting this place, after a residence of three years, have been variously related.—He retired to the island of St. Peter, on the lake of Bienne, where he remained two months, which he considered as the happiest of his life; but had he remained there much longer, his restless nature would, probably, have dissolved the charm.

At a small distance from Neufchâtel, we passed Morat, a town pleasantly situated on a lake that bears its name. It is six miles long, and two broad, surrounded by a country rich in cultivation, and separated only by a ridge of hills from the lake

of Neufchâtel. After continuing our route for about two leagues, we reached Avenche, which was a Roman town of some importance, as appears not only from several milestones found in parts of the Pays de Vaud, most of which are numbered from Aventicum, as the principal place of reference, as well as other existing remains. The site of the ancient walls may still be traced, which enclose a space of near five miles in circumference. The present town occupies only a small part of it; the remainder is covered with corn fields and meadows. At the distance of about twelve miles, we entered Fribourg, the capital of the canton of that name.

AUGUST 10.—We dedicated this day to an examination of the city. Its situation is one of the most picturesque in Switzerland, part on a plain, and part on the declivity of a rock, cut perpendicularly in various directions, whose shapes form a singular contrast with the walls of



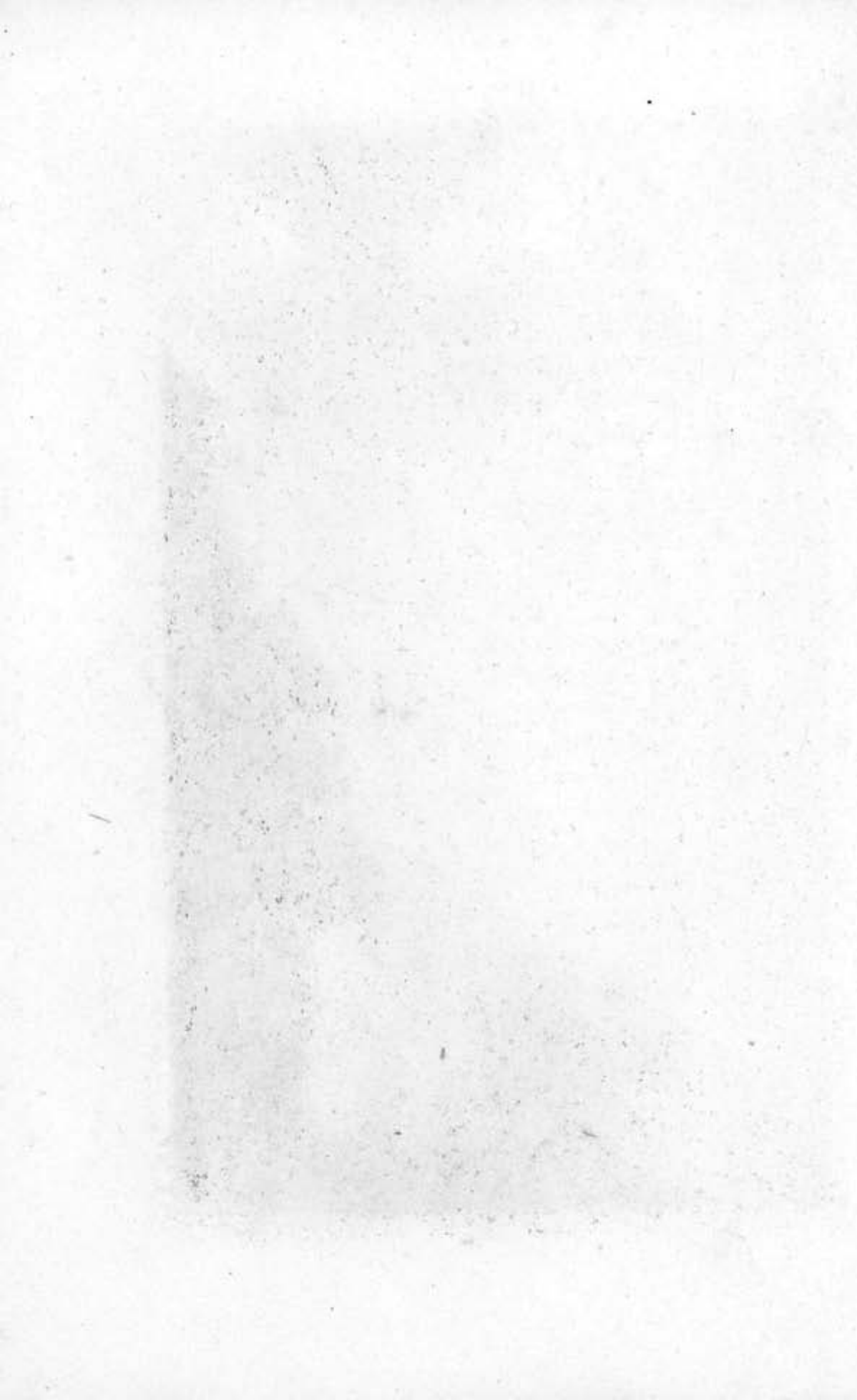


Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published March 1. 1811 by Robinson & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by C. Heath.

FRIBOURG.



the town, and the towers of the churches and convents. It is about four miles in circumference; but as this space encloses various gardens, and even meadows, the number of inhabitants does not exceed six thousand. On all sides, the descent to the town is very steep, and a street may be seen, that appears to form a kind of roof to the houses below it. Many of the edifices are raised in regular gradation, like the seats of an amphitheatre, and others overhang the edge of a precipice. The river Sarine surrounds the town, and several bridges are thrown over it, all of which offer picturesque points of view. The town-hall is a large building, with a tower, and a porch of curious appearance. The cathedral is a fine Gothic structure, whose tower is 356 feet in height. Its principal entrance offers a curious monument of the spirit and character of the age when it was erected. It consists, chiefly, of a representation of the infernal regions,

into whose flames mortals are precipitated by devils in such grotesque and ludicrous ways, that it might be considered almost as blasphemy to describe them. The college, which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, offers from its towers very beautiful and extensive prospects. The houses are, in general, well built; the fountains are numerous; and the gate of Bourgillon, situate, as if in air, between two precipices, is among the curious objects of this extraordinary place. On the north-west side of the town, near the bridge, on the road to Berne, is the valley of Goteron, about two miles in length, and rendered an active scene, from its mills and cottages. Rocks of a romantic shape, and covered with wood, enclose it on each side, and a stream flows through it, from which it derives a name. One of the mills appears in a hollow, chiseled out of an impending rock; and the water which turns it runs through an excavated gallery for two





Drawn by Major Colclough.

London, Published by J. G. Colclough, 10, New Bond Street.

Engraved by W. Smith.



*Drawn by Major Cockburn.*

*London, Published and sold by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street.*

*Engraved by Ralph Wallis.*

THUN.









Drawn by Major Cuthbert.

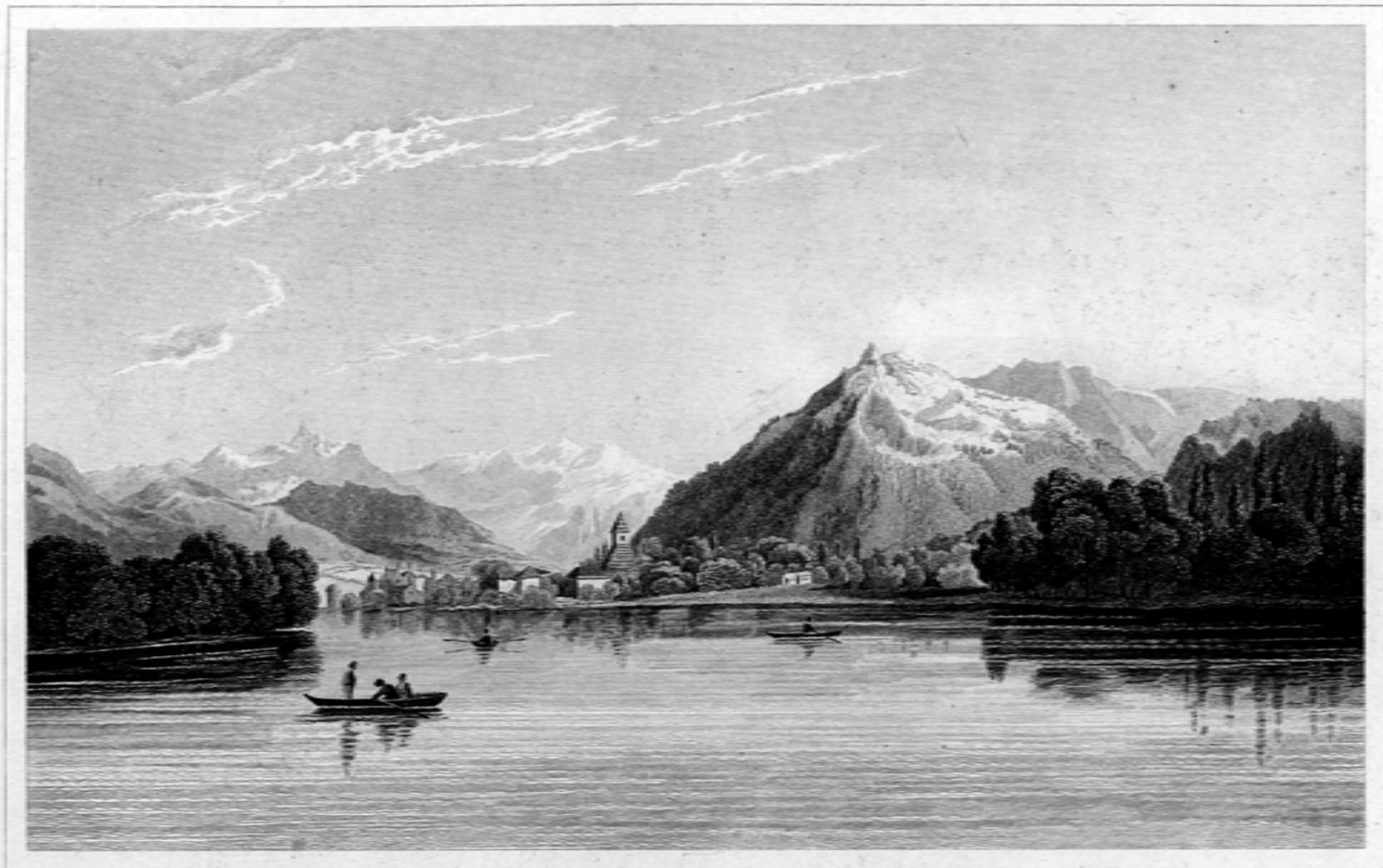
London, Published April 1829, by Robert A. Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Dye.

# CHATEAU OF SCHERTLINGEN.

LAKE OF THUN.

Printed by B.M. Quar.



Drawn by Major Cookham.

London, Published March 4, 1829, by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Edw. Wallis.

CHATEAU OF SCHERKYLINGEN.  
LAKE OF THUN.



governors ; and commands a prospect of great extent and beauty over the lake and the adjacent country, by the chain of the Alps, whose ramifications form the valleys of Grindelwald, Lauterbrunn, Frontinghen, &c. The river beneath is covered with islands, and its banks with houses : it flows from the lake, between two level promontories planted with trees, on one of which stands the chateau of Scherylingen, the view from which is at all times of superior beauty, but derives an indescribable heightening, when the various objects receive the rays of a setting sun. Bad weather principally detained us here for three days.

AUGUST 22.—We hired a boat, and, entering the lake, which is about twelve miles long and three in breadth, proceeded on our way to Interlachen, a voyage crowded with beauties. We passed a succession of villages on either shore, with craggy heights projecting into the

water. The village of Hilterfingen first presents itself, with its church on a point of land; others succeed, to enliven and vary the scenery; while lofty and pine-clad rocks range along either side of the lake. We landed at the end of it, where a kind of small harbour was formed, and a few stones artificially placed, as the station for a lantern.

We now hired a car for Interlachen, at the distance of two miles, and situated at the head of the lake of Brienz, nine miles in length, and about four in breadth. The valley between the two lakes is narrow, but abounding in romantic features, to which the river Aar, that winds through it, does not fail to contribute. Within a mile of Interlachen is the town of Unterseen, a place of some size, whose houses are chiefly built of wood, with stone foundations and overhanging roofs. Many of their fronts are decorated with curious carving, and specimens of writing in large



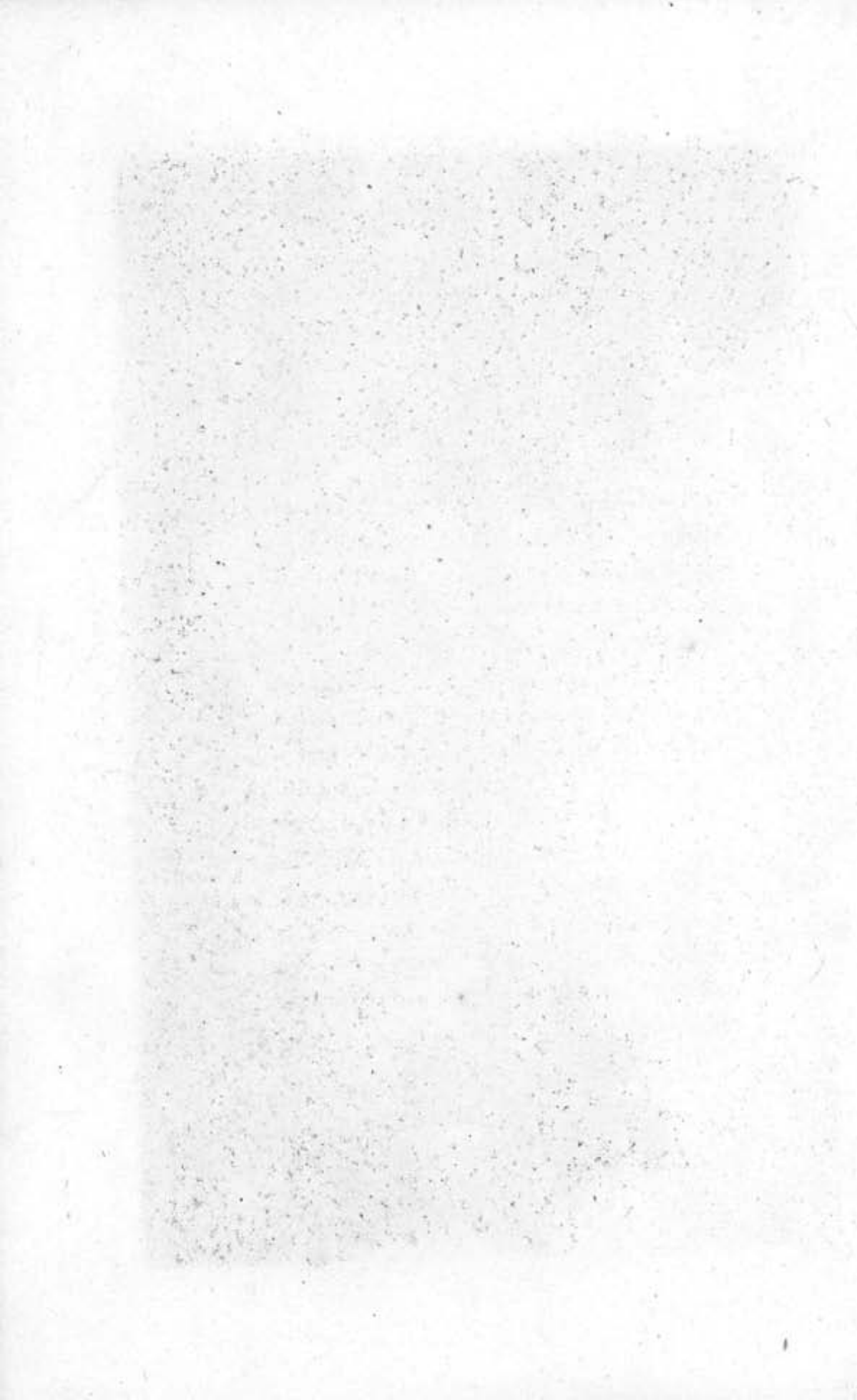


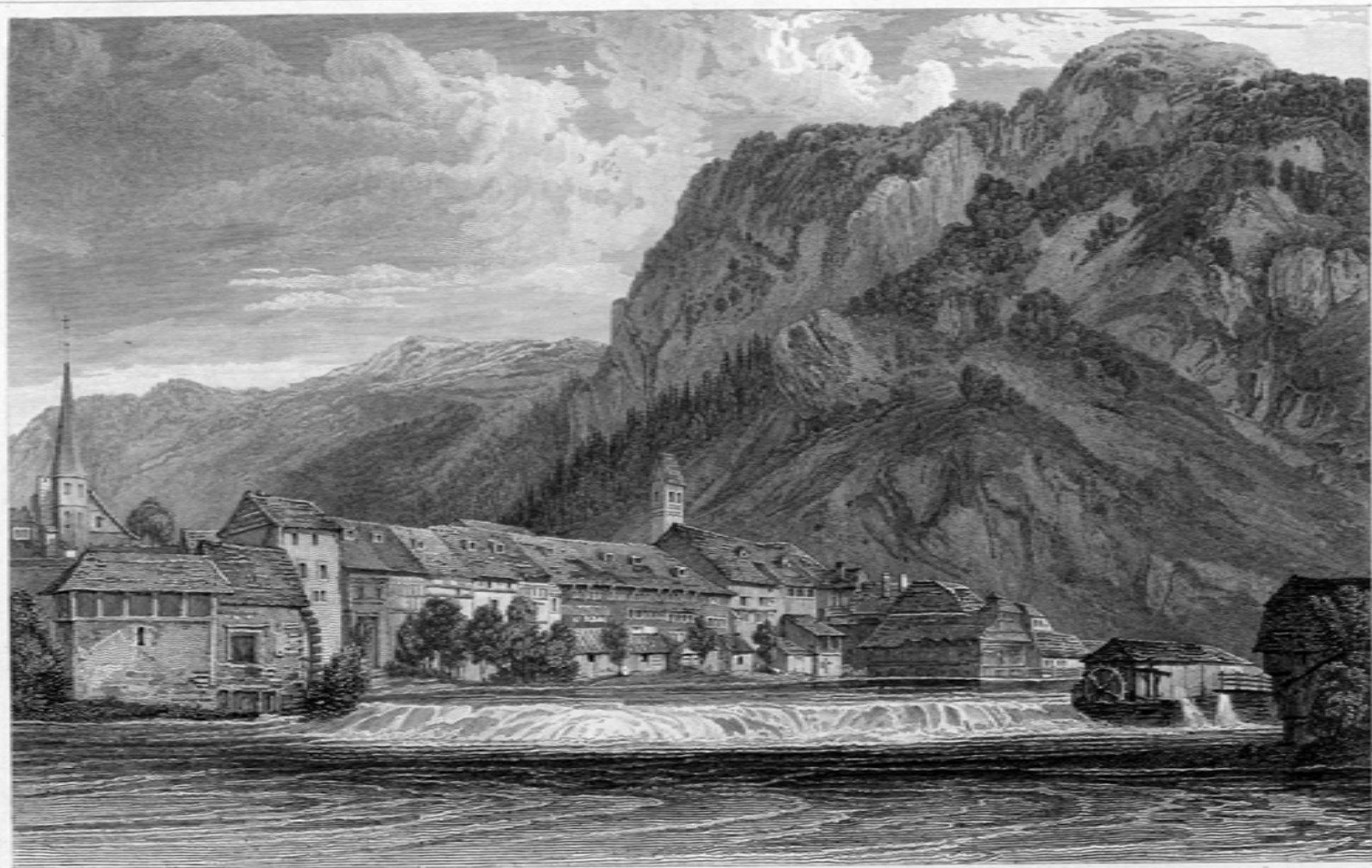
Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published Sept. 1, 1825, by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by E. Fisher.

INTERLUCHIEN.





*Drawn by Major Carlbom.*

*London, Published for the Proprietors by Robert S. Martin, New Bond Street.*

*Engraved by E. Goodall.*

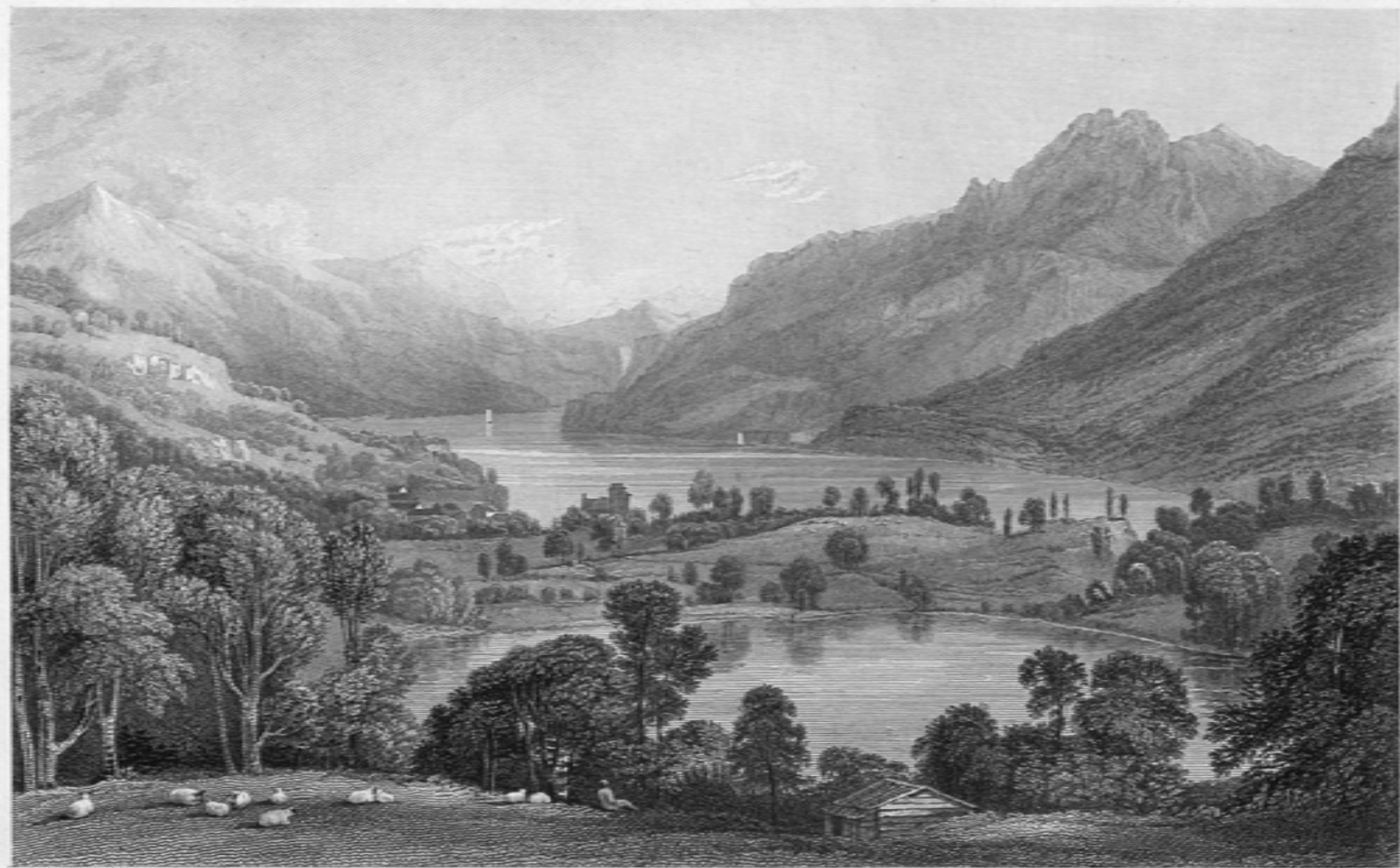
VILLAGE OF UNTERSEEN.



German characters, which produce a singular effect; so that every street, and, indeed, almost every house, might form a distinct picture. High mountains enclose it on every side, and huge rocks hang immediately over it; while the Aar meanders so entirely through it, that four bridges are necessary for the accommodation of the inhabitants. Here that river also has a considerable fall; and from one of the bridges there is a fine view of the mountain, called the Jungfraw, and others, which it overtowers, being 1490 feet above the level of the sea. Interlachen consists only of a church and a few houses. The inn stands upon a green, sprinkled with fine trees, and the lake of Brienz is in its immediate vicinity; of which little more need be said than that superb mountains surround it, large promontories project boldly into it, and the Jungfraw, with its indissoluble snows, adds to the grandeur of its character. An

elevated spot, above Interlachen, gives, at one glance, the valley beneath, including the two lakes of Thun and Brienz. Among these enchanting scenes of nature, we remained till the 26th of August, when we proceeded in the pursuit of others which afforded new delight, and of whose varieties we search in vain for a novelty of language to convey an adequate description. At five in the morning, we walked to the celebrated valley of Lauterbrounn. Our previous way was over a plain, rich in various cultivation, and animated by all the industrious activity of the season, as it was the time of harvest. It formed a different picture from that of the spot which we approached, and to which the latter formed an impressive contrast. The entrance to the valley was now before us, which we at length reached, after passing a most romantic village, and a wooden bridge over a rushing torrent. Here the mountains approach near to each other, on either side





Drawn by Major Cockburn

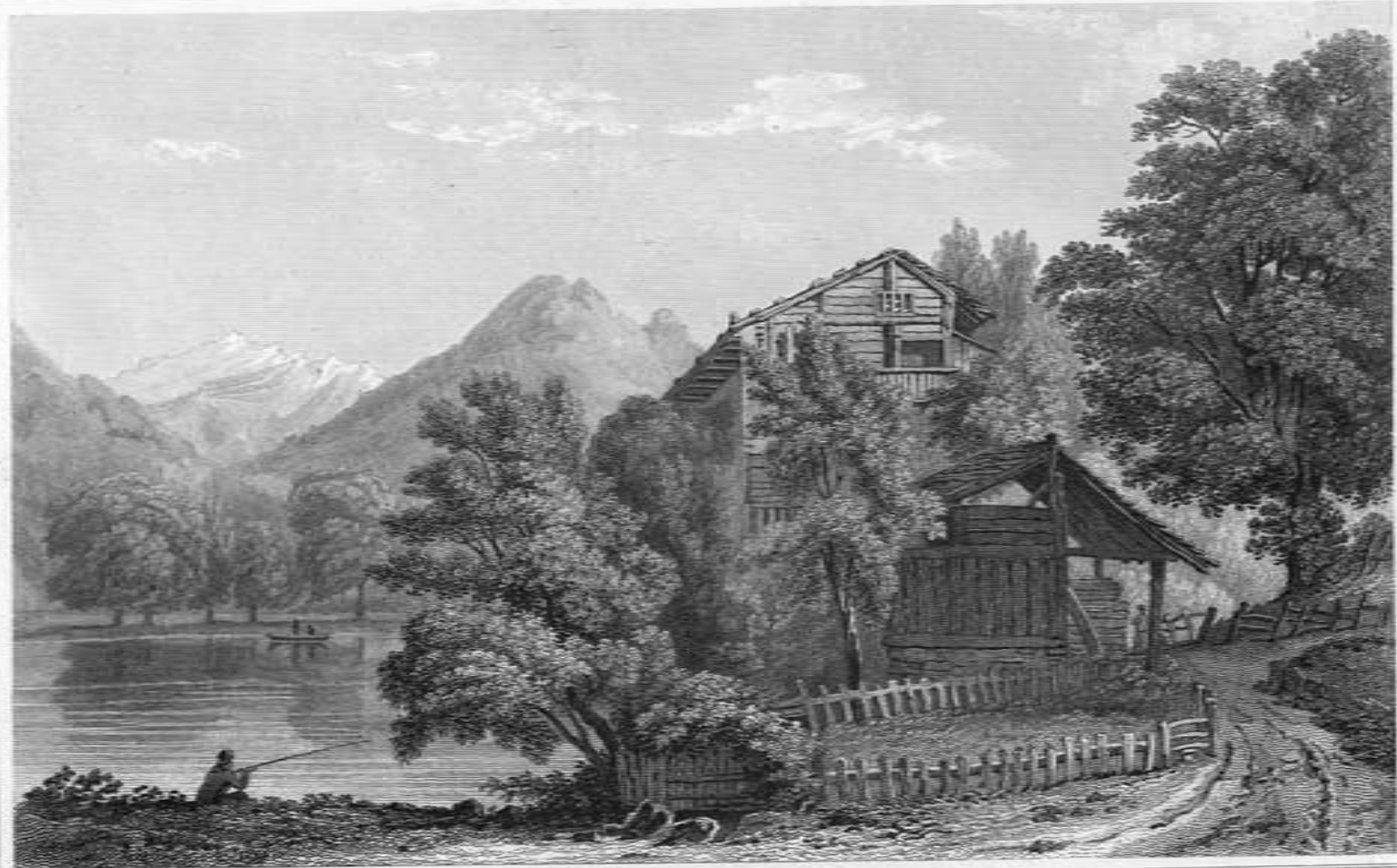
London, Published Sep. 1. 1819, by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

LAKE OF BRUNTE AND GOLDSWIL.







Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published July 1845, by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

COTTAGE AT INTERLACHEN.







Drawn by Major Cockburn.

Engraved by Robert & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Smith.

VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUN.

*Chas. Smith del.*





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London. Published May 1834 by Robert A. Smith, New Bond Street.

Engraved by "Belcher."

FALL OF THE STAUBACH,  
IN THE VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.



of the river, roaring over a succession of rocks, and where the trunks of the pine were thrown across as bridges. A lofty mountain was in front, and the Jungfrau reared its snow-capped head above it, with other heights, that close the valley to the south. After passing a diversity of hanging woods, immense rocks, deep precipices, and violent torrents, occasionally intermingled with the finest trees, on the banks of the river, and in the bottom of the valley, we ascended a hill; and turning gently to the left, in the western boundary, the fall of the Staubbach burst upon us, rolling from a perpendicular height of upwards of 1080 feet, resolving itself into a fine spray. The greater part falls clear of the overhanging mountain, during its whole descent; but the remainder dashes about half-way against a projection of the rock, and flies off with great violence: several smaller streams also precipitate themselves from the rocks that surround it.

The village of Lauterbruennen is a small collection of neat cottages, with a church, and a parsonage, where it has long been the custom to receive travellers, though there is a comfortable inn in the place.—We now retraced our steps by the bridge of Zweylutschenen, and proceeded to the valley of Grindelwald.—The finest trees, romantic cottages, woods of every form and in every position, water in the various appearance of river, of torrent, and of fall; with the craggy rock, in an endless change of rude shape; the dizzy precipice; and the snow as well as ice-clad mountain—compose the magnificent scenery of Grindelwald. At the termination of the valley, the rocks, covered with firs, approach so close, as to allow a space only for the river and the road; while the glacier of Grindelwald is now seen to peep over the dark forest of pines, whose gloom gives it an added brightness. We now entered the district of the gla-



Drawn by Major Cockburn.

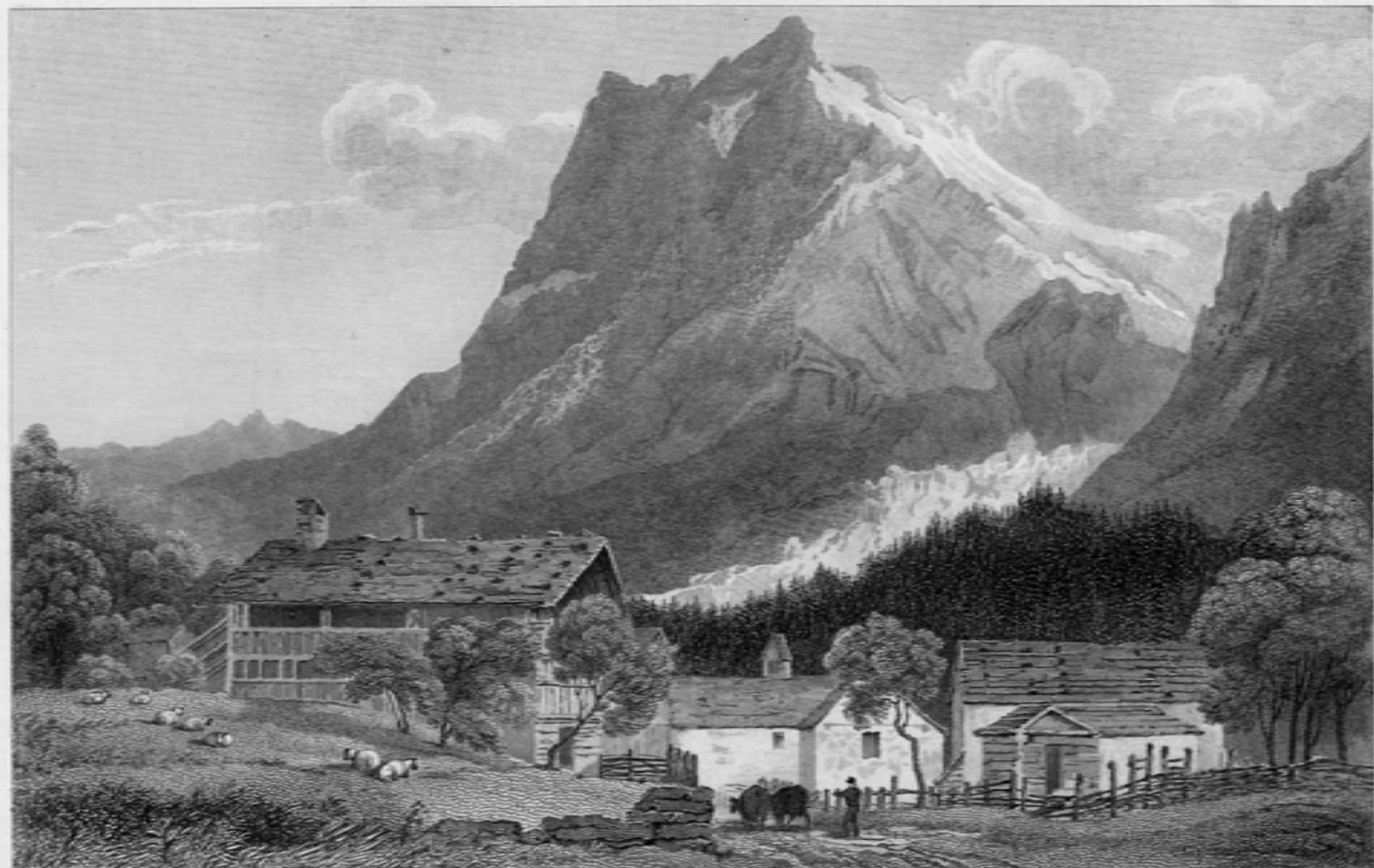
London, Published for the Proprietors by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

GLACIER,  
AT GRINDELWALD.







Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published May 1. 1849, by Robert & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

THE WETTERHORN AND GLACIER,  
AT GRINDOWALD.



ciers. The mountains of Wetterhorn, Mettenberg, and the Eigher, form a complete half moon, and their peaks, covered with snow, seem to touch the sky; while two glaciers are seen descending to the plain at their base. In the front of them, and smiling, as it were, upon their eternal winter, are hills covered with verdant meadows, the yellow harvest, and all the happy associations of agriculture and pastoral life.\* There are two commodious inns at Grindelwald; but when they are full, the clergyman of the place will accommodate strangers. We might have crossed the mountains of Scheideck, to Meyringen; but as we wished to take an entire view of the lake of Brienz, we returned to Interlachen.

\* It may here be remarked, that near the interior glacier is a small wood of elms, where, on the very verge of the ice, strawberries of an excellent flavour may be gathered. The summit of the Wetterhorn is continually covered with clouds, that float about it in various imposing attractive forms, and which serve as a barometer to the inhabitants.



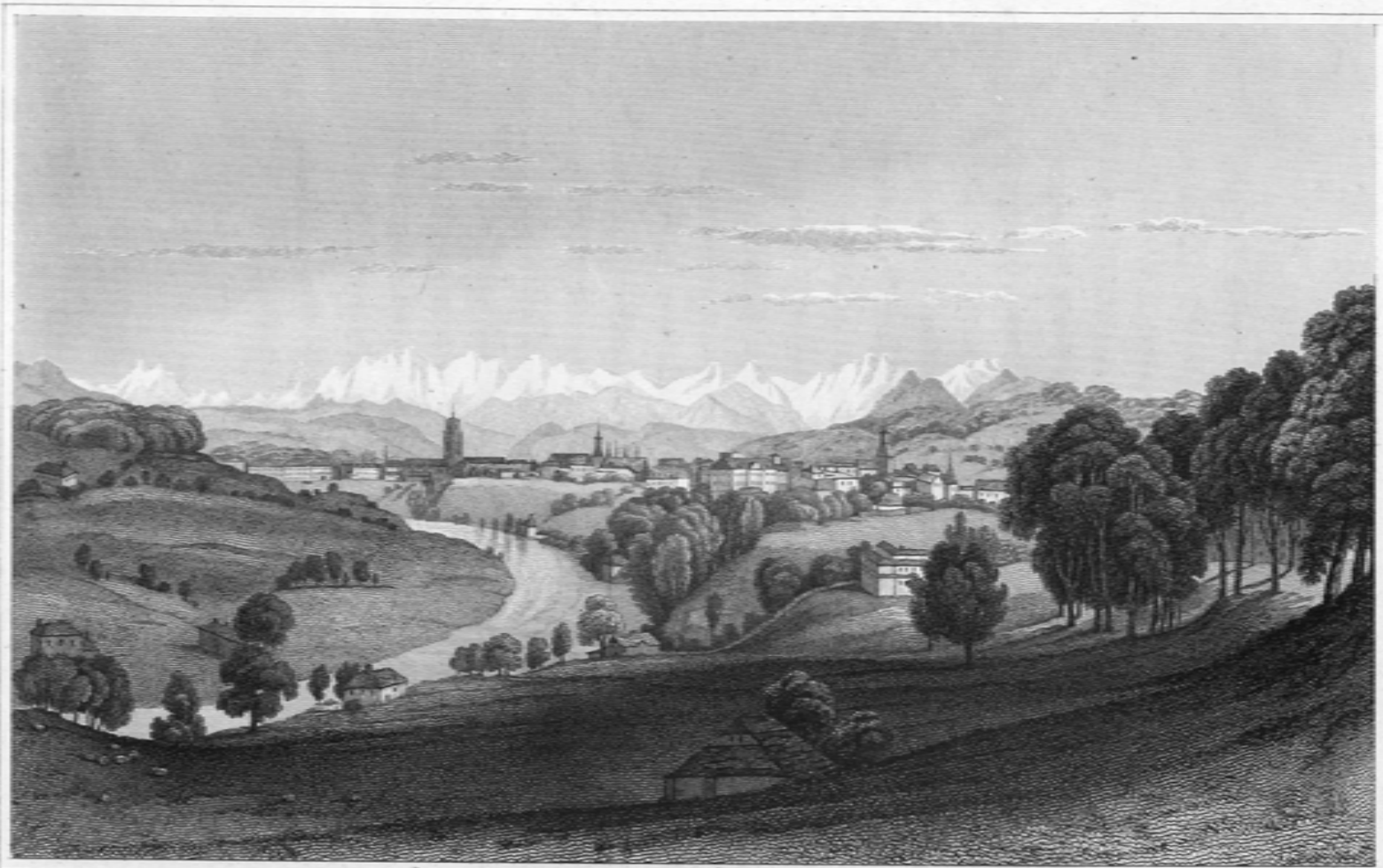
AUGUST 28.—At five this morning, we embarked on board a small bateau, and proceeded down the lake of Brienz, in inexpressible admiration of its lovely, majestic, and savage scenery. It is about nine miles in length, and four in breadth. A wall of elevated rocks bounds it from north to south, but the more southern ones are too steep to admit of habitation ; while the more woody heights are sprinkled with cottages, and their surrounding fields, in all their accessible parts, though some of them appeared altogether inaccessible to us. The northern shore is covered with villages, surrounded by a forest of cherry-trees. Nor, among its picturesque objects, should the wooded hill of Rinkerberg, and the ancient ruins of the chateau of Ounspounnen, be forgotten. We continued to glide down the lake, with alternate emotions of delight and astonishment, till we approached the majestic scenery of the Meyringhen valley. Here the

hundred yards. Vernet, the celebrated painter, thought Tivoli alone was superior to this curious spot, as an object of landscape beauty. The best general view of the city is from the small chapel of Notre Dame, on the hill. Its grotesque appearance is seen here to great advantage, with its neighbouring hills and valleys covered with villas and woods; while the distant blue mountains terminate the prospect.\*

AUGUST 14.—At seven this morning we quitted Friburg for Berne. The whole way has a park-like appearance. The villages present a lively object; while forests of pine and various wood thicken over a fine undulating country. Charming villas may also be said to decorate the road, which is distinguished by stones, to mark the distance. The entrance into Berne is very striking, from its

\* A few miles from Friburg is a hermitage, which Addison describes with so much admiration in his tour through Switzerland.

peculiar neatness and simple beauty. The principal streets are of great length, and considerable breadth; the houses are of stone, and the projecting blinds of the windows break the uniformity of the line. The streets, with their arcades, remind you of Italy; and a stream of clear water runs through the middle of them. Fountains not only refresh, but adorn many parts of the city. The situation of Berne is peculiarly beautiful, standing near 1650 feet above the level of the sea, and on a commanding elevation above the surrounding country; the river Aar flowing rapidly round two sides of it, on one of which it has a considerable fall; while the environs furnish promenades of the most delightful character: from that of Enghe, every part of the city, with the cathedral and churches, is seen to advantage, with the river winding in front, and then running off to the left, through a beautiful valley. Behind the city, the



Drawn by Major Cookham.

London, Published March 1825 by Robert Aikin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by C. Pye.

BARMEN,  
FROM ENGL.

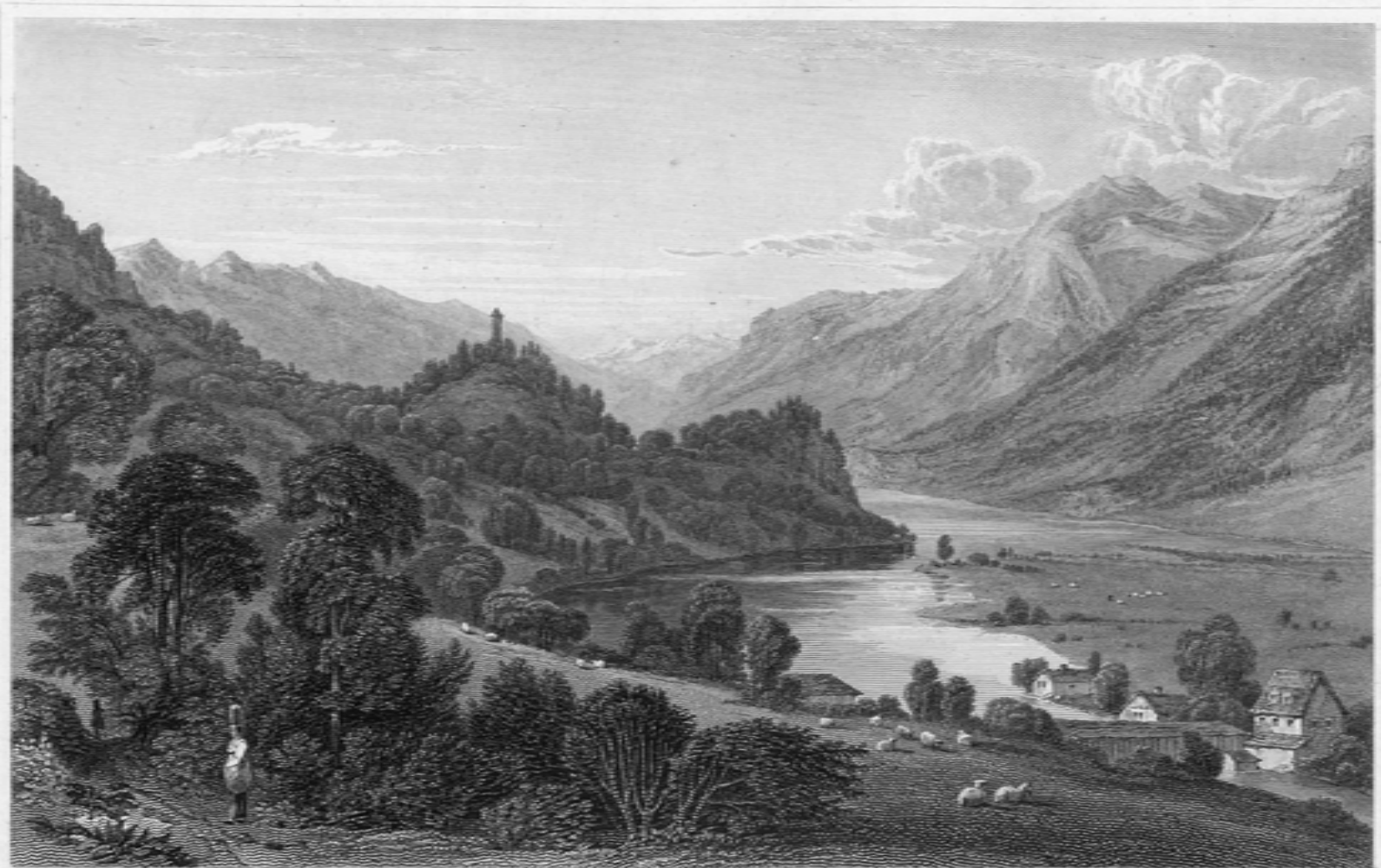


horizon presents a magnificent range of mountains, with their eternal snows. The public college is situated on the ramparts, above the river, where a magnificent prospect presents itself. There are two hospitals; one for the canton, and the other for the city: one of them is a very handsome quadrangular building; and a part of the ditch, which surrounds it, is enlivened by deer. The library and the museum are worthy of particular attention: here may be seen portraits of eminent natives of Berne, and particularly that of Haller, the most distinguished of them. The arsenal contains 200 pieces of ordnance, and 10,000 small arms; the figure of William Tell, and various trophies of national victory. The cathedral is a fine pile of Gothic architecture, with a porch, resembling that of Friburg.

We left this delightful place for Thun, at the distance of about twelve miles, through a country infinitely varied by hill

and dale ; the former clothed with forests, and the latter smiling with fertility. It was now the season for gathering the fruitage, and the orchards occupied the attention of the peasant. Neat cottages and farm-houses, beaming with comfort, are scattered about the country, crowning the meadows, or peeping from the woodlands : mountains form the distant horizon, rising above the intervening heights that surround the lake of Thun. At the village of Mari, the river Aar is seen winding through the plain ; the mountains continuing to vary their forms as we advanced. Thun itself is not visible till within a near approach to it. We entered the place by a narrow street, consisting of houses with over-hanging roofs. It occupies the bottom and brow of a hill, and stretches on both sides of the Aar : it contains about 1200 souls. To the north-east, on an eminence, stand the church and castle, which was the ancient residence of the





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published July 1845, by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by T. Goodall.

LAKE OF BRIENZE,  
FROM INTERLACHEN.







Drawn by Major Cookburn.

London, Published May 1845, by Richard & Martin, New Bond Street.

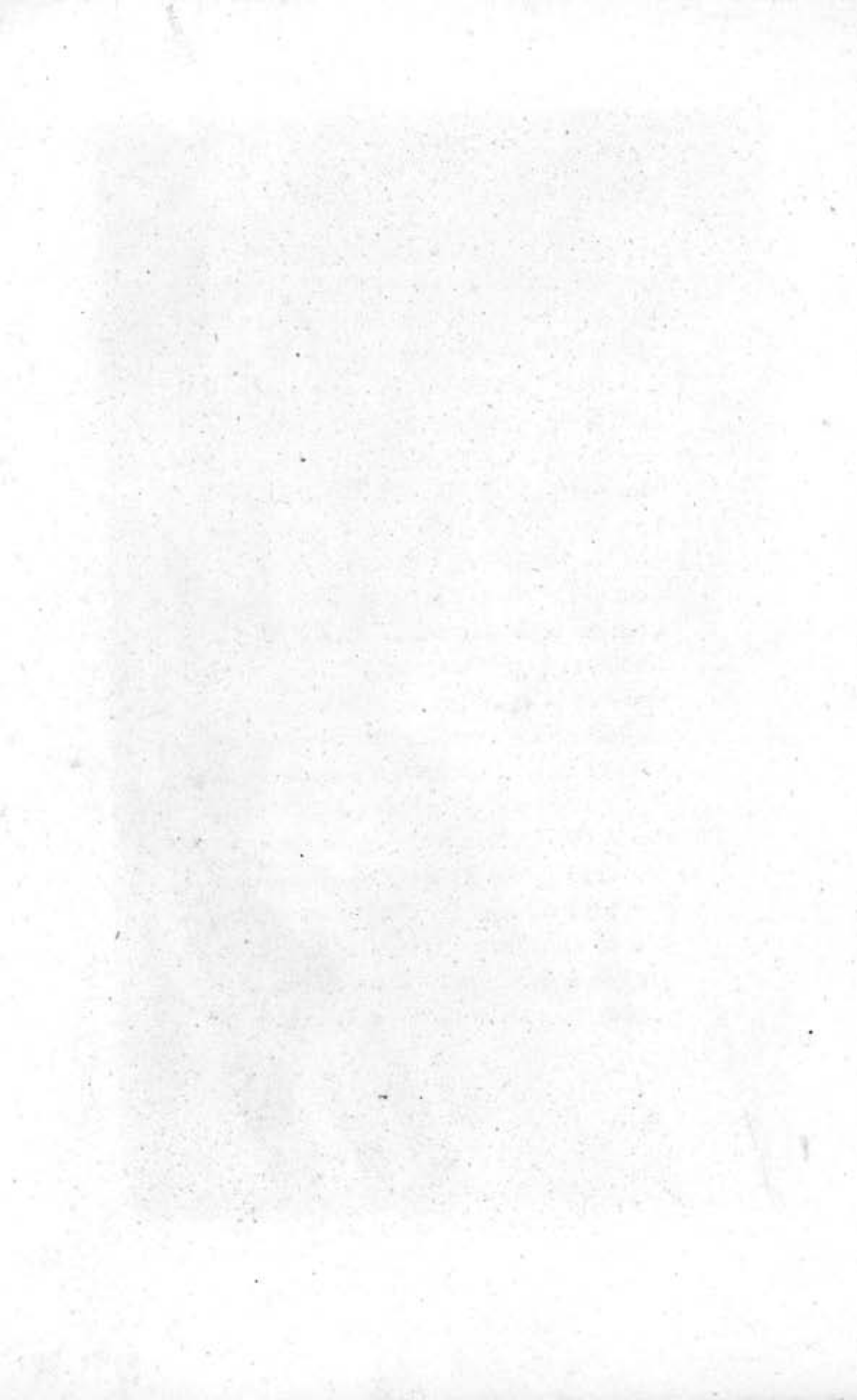
Engraved by Robt. Wallis.

LAKE OF ERIENZ.

Griesbach waterfall drew our attention, tumbling, in all its various dashings, from different heights in the mountains. The adjacent scenery was happily associated with this beautiful object; while, to the left, stood the white church of Brienz, situated on a rock, with its neat parsonage near it. The termination of the lake was now distinctly seen, with a beautiful valley, and a high rocky hill stretching across it, with a fall of water, rushing from a great height, in the distance. After a voyage of two hours, we landed at Brienz, a romantic village, and were shown into an inn built of wood, and where, besides the exterior beauties, no interior comfort was wanting.

We now entered the valley which leads to Meyringen, where the range of distant mountains form a magnificent boundary to a most delightful intermixture of wild and cultivated objects; the rock, the wood, the more gentle and angry flow of

waters, with the abode of the peasant, and the country improved by his toil. At length, we arrived at the celebrated fall of Reichebach, which is considered as one of the finest cascades which Switzerland, so abundant in them, can boast. From a wooden bridge, there is a fine view of this magnificent rush of water, dividing itself into two falls: the first precipitates in one perpendicular column, from an elevation of 200 feet, into a natural basin; from whence it forms another cataract, which ends in a confusion of streams, broken by rocks, till it reaches the Aar, near Meyringhen. The force of the fall, the height from which it descends, the roar of its passage, and the rude grandeur of the surrounding scene, render it an object of terrific beauty. We now proceeded to Meyringhen, at the distance of about two miles, which consists of a church, and large wooden houses, surrounded with meadows and gardens, and washed by the







Drawn by Major Cookburn.

London, Published for P. Colnagby by R. D. and A. Kew, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

CONVENT OF ENGELBERG.

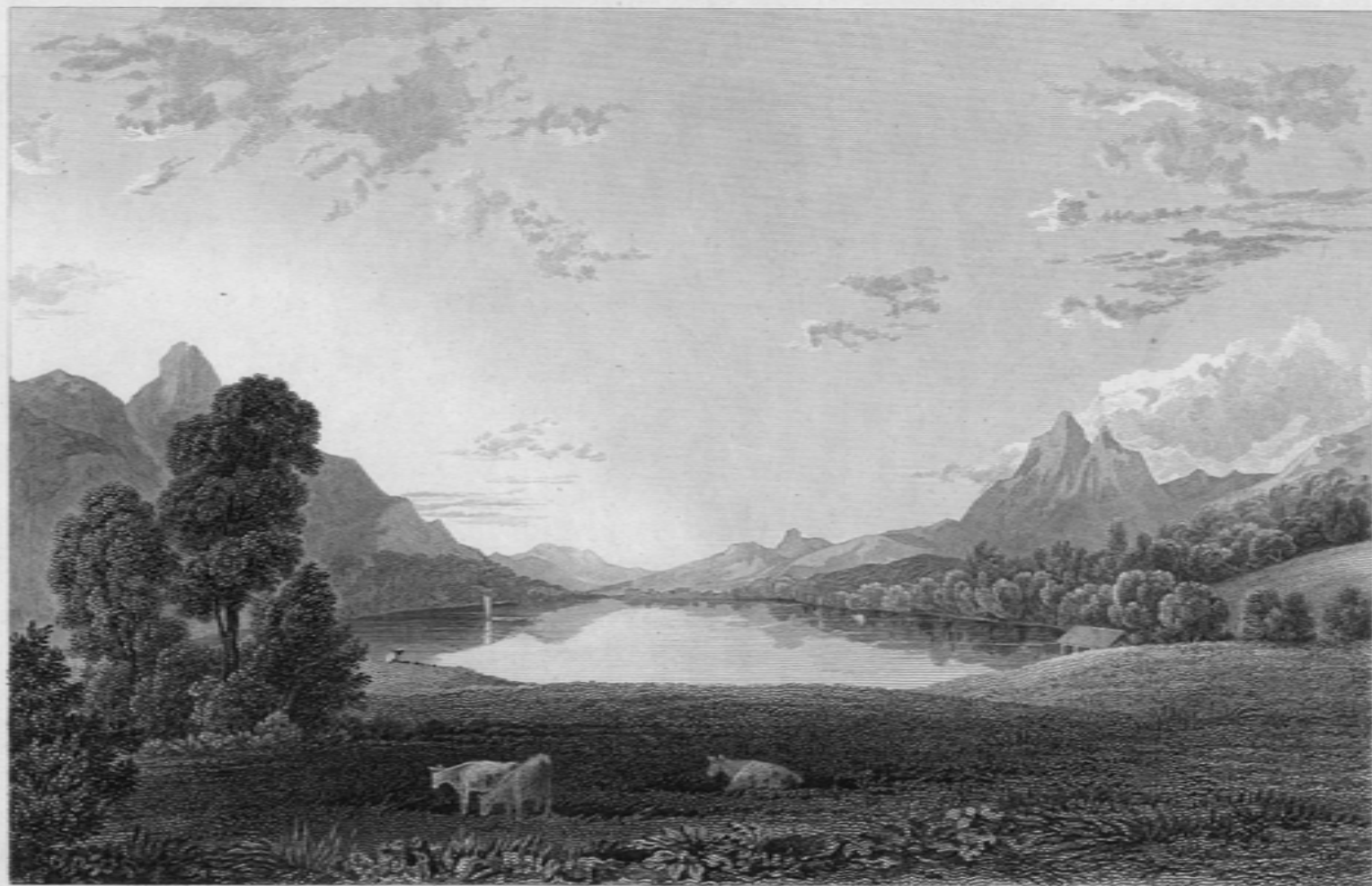
Aar. From Meyringhen, a grand route leads to the St. Gothard, by the Grimsel and Furca, a lofty mountain, situated on the confines of the Vallais, and the canton of Berne and of Ury. It may be considered as the last of the ridges of St. Gothard, on the S. E. side: it is remarkable for the magnificent glacier from which the Rhone takes its source.

We made an excursion to Engelberg, a convent of Benedictines, situated in a very romantic valley, environed by high mountains. The road from Meyringhen, by the Jochberg, is twelve leagues, through a country abounding in wild and majestic scenery. The road, about two leagues, began to ascend, winding along by the side of a steep precipice, through forests of beech, intermingled with pines, chestnuts, and various other trees; the torrent Aar impetuously foaming in a stony channel, and forming a succession of cataracts:—while the gloom of the woods was finely

contrasted by the rocks which rise around it. On descending from the forest, the plain below, enriched with trees, enlivened by streams, and enclosed by hills, presented itself to the view, with the abbey, a large quadrangular building of stone, situated at the foot of the Engelberg, or Mountain of Angels, from which the district takes its name. The plain is the only habitable part of it: the remaining portion, being entirely mountainous, affords in summer a retreat for numerous herds of cattle, which form its only wealth.

We proceeded to Lucern, over the mountains, by way of Langern and Sarnen. We pursued our way two miles, before we began to ascend the Brunigen mountain. The sun, rising at this moment over the head of the valley, threw a beautiful air tint over the whole landscape, and softened the rugged features of the high mountains of Oberhasli. Our road





Designed by Major Cockburn.

London, Published Sep. 1. 1840. by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by E. Wallis.

LAKE OF SARNER.

wound round the mountain by easy ascents, and, from different heights, we had charming prospects of the valley beneath. We passed various green spots peopled by the peasants, who were now occupied in their hay-harvest; while the wild notes of the mountaineer's song enlivened our way, and the fine air breathed in these lofty regions gave us fresh spirits to complete our day's journey. After passing through a succession of mountainous scenery, the road, which was cut through the rock, presented a view of the lake of Lungern; and, leaving the mountains, we entered the village of that name, where we procured a boat to convey us along the lake, which extends about three miles in length. Its lofty boundaries are covered with trees and villages, aided by the more striking view of distant mountains, and the Jungfrau rising above them. On landing, we pursued a gentle ascent, and, from an elevated spot, caught a view of the Sarnen

lake beneath us. On leaving this height, we entered the canton of Underwalden, and the cross told us that it was catholic. After a walk of about five miles, we arrived at the lake of Sarnen, where we procured a boat to proceed to the village from which it receives its title, at the extremity of it: the little voyage was delightful, and the combination of mountains, which the prospect afforded, was a source of new astonishment. The town is a quarter of a mile from the lake, and built in the usual style of other Swiss towns. Here we refreshed ourselves, and proceeded on our way to Alpnach, a village situated on one of the arms of the lake of Lucerne, called the Lake of the Four Cantons; so named, because it is situated between the countries of Lucerne, Ury, Schweitz, and Underwalden.—The distance is about four miles; the whole way paved, and through a country that was a perfect garden, beautifully chequered



with dwellings, orchards, and meadows; while the wild adjacent mountains formed a striking and impressive contrast to the smiling plains. We crossed the beds of two rivers, by bridges curiously constructed with trunks of the pine tree. At Alpnach, we passed the night.

AUGUST 30.—This morning we embarked for Lucerne, on the lake, which, whether considered for the variety or sublimity of its scenery, is unrivalled even in Switzerland. It is bounded, towards the town of Lucerne, by cultivated hills of easy ascent, contrasted, on the other side, by mountains piled upon mountains, woody amphitheatres, and jutting promontories. Mount Pilate rises boldly from its western shore, to 5760 feet above the level of its water; and the Righi, indeed, is a more distant object, but of a sublime form and magnitude, it being twenty-five miles in circumference, and upwards of 4000 feet from the surface of

the lake. Here nature is seen in all her majesty, in the inexhaustible variety of her images, in her most imposing grandeur, and clothed with her terrific charms: every stroke of the oar seems to change the forms of mountains, which appear to rise from the bosom of the waves to the region of the clouds. Indeed, from whatever part this lake is contemplated, it produces certain astonishment and never-failing admiration. After a succession of these ever-varying scenes, Lucerne appeared at the head of the lake, with its towers and spires; and our voyage closed.

AUGUST 31.—The situation of Lucerne is of a superior character, stretching along the shore of its fine lake. Its different parts are united by three long covered bridges, which are decorated with paintings, representing the military feats of the Swiss people, the histories of the Old Testament, and the well-known fanciful allegory of the Dance of Death. From



Drawn by Major Cuthbert.

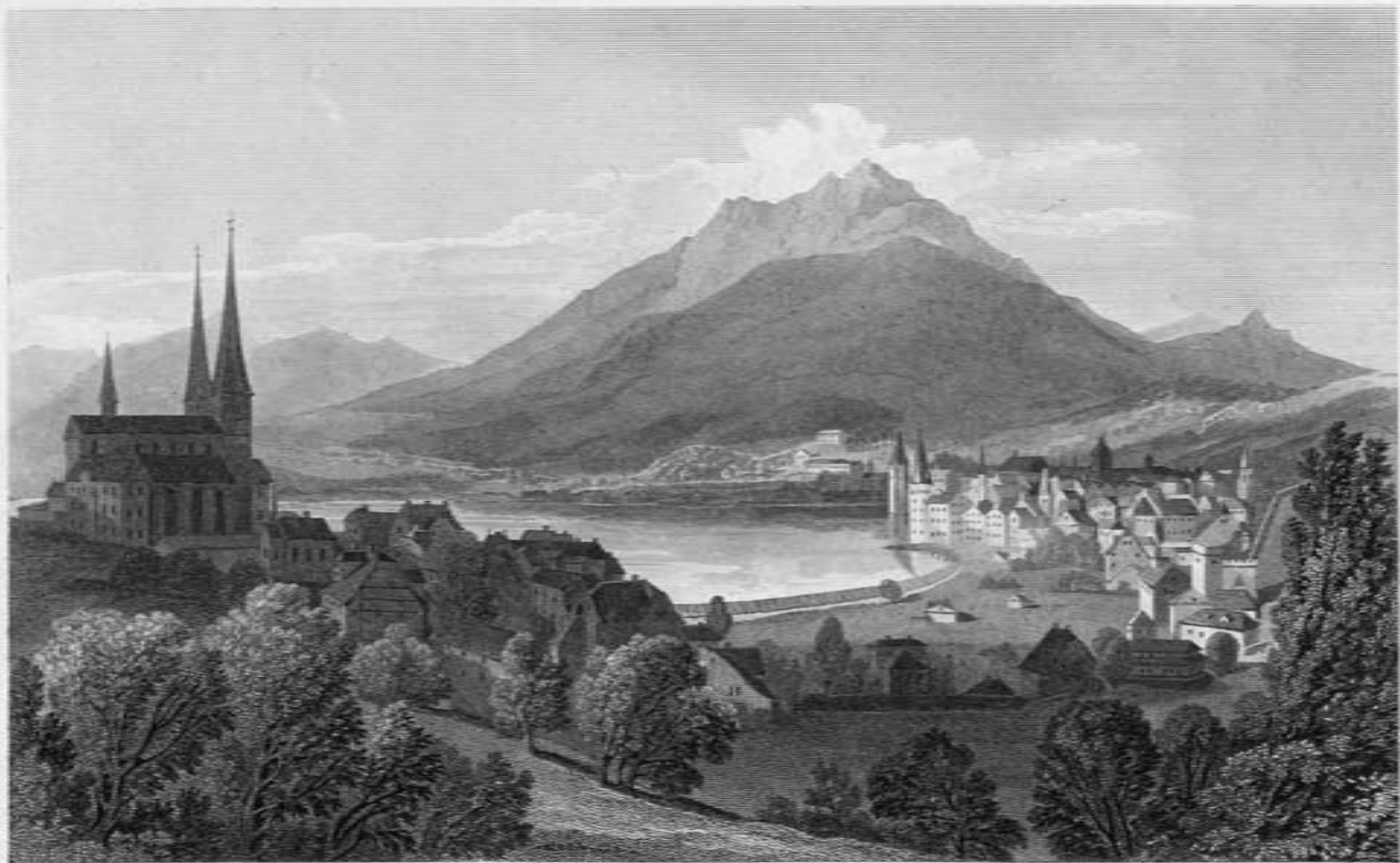
London, Published according to the best of the Art.

Engraved by John Wallis.

LUCERNE.







Drawn by Major G. G. G. G.

London, Published for the Author by Robert & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

CITY OF LUCERNE AND MOUNT PILATUS.

a height behind the city, to which there is an ascent by five hundred stone steps, there is a magnificent view of the place, with the towers and walls which form its defences; the lake, with many of its bays and principal features, and the mighty Alps, enclosing the distance. Hence may be traced many spots celebrated in Swiss history, though they are not distinctly visible; as Hapsburgh, Tell's Chapel, on a left branch of the lake, and the entrance to that which leads to Altdorf. The cathedral is a handsome Gothic building, remarkable for the vast size of its organ: the churchyard is surrounded by arcades, from whence there is a commanding view of the lake and Mount Pilate; the latter of which offers an extraordinary curiosity; but whether of art or nature has not yet been nor probably will ever be determined. At the elevation of 5000 feet, and the most perpendicular part, in the middle of a cavern hollowed in a black



rock, there appears a colossal statue, as if of white stone: it is apparently so correct as to form, attitude, and drapery, as hardly to admit of the idea that it is a *lusus naturæ*: at the same time, it is not easy to imagine that a statue could be placed in a situation which no one has yet been able to approach. One person lost his life in the attempt, which has not since been repeated with any prospect of success.

SEPTEMBER 4.—We left Lucerne for Schweitz. We proceeded to the distance of about three miles on the left shore, when we came to the ruins of Hapsburgh, once the residence of Rodolph the First: it overlooks the magnificent scenery afforded by the mountains of Stanzstad and Altdorf. We continued our voyage to Kussnacht, a pretty village at the head of this branch of the lake. Here we landed, and walked about two miles to Immensee, a pretty romantic village, on

the small lake of Zoug. About half way, we passed the famous chapel of William Tell, erected on the very spot where he is said to have shot the Austrian governor, 1307: it is a small building, and has a rude painting over the door, that represents some of that hero's exploits. Here we perceived the fine village of Art, situate between the Righi and the Rossberg, whose ponderous summit fell some years since, destroying a village,\* and 400 of its inhabitants. From this spot you ascend the Righi, whose summit affords a panoramic view of this lake and mountain scenery. We landed at Art, and proceeded towards Schweitz, when we entered the valley, which displayed the principal scene of this tremendous devastation; and in a short time saw the small lake of Lowertz, the western corner of which was almost filled up] by the ruins. A fine peaked mountain rose on the opposite side of the

\* Village of Goldau.

lake, while others shelved down to its water. After passing a promontory at the end of it, and having crossed a river, our way lay through the village of Sewen, and several pleasant fields, to Schweitz, which stands on the slope of a hill, at the bottom of a lofty, sharp, and rugged rock, called the Schweitzer-Haken. This place is the capital of a canton, from which Switzerland derives its name, on account of the heroic acts of which its vicinity has been the scene. The church, which is a large building of a good style of architecture, occupies the centre of the town. The houses are handsome, and many of them are scattered in a most pleasing manner on the surrounding acclivities, with their groves and gardens.

Our next object was the celebrated convent of Einselden, or Nôtre Dame des Hermites; which occupied the whole of this day: rain rendered our journey unfavourable. At the village of Sattel there

is a pretty view of the small lake of Egeri, which waters the valley of the same name in the canton of Zoug. We stopped at Rothenthurm, a village on the high road from Schweitz to Zurich, and entered Einselden, through a street, almost every house of which appeared to be an inn, so numerous are the pilgrims whom a miraculous image of the Virgin Mary attracts thither: it is supposed that a hundred thousand of them annually pay their devotions to this celebrated shrine, which was considered as a rival of the lady of Loretto, while that was permitted to remain.

SEPTEMBER 6.—This abbey is of the Benedictine order, and is inhabited by about fifty monks. It is a large quadrangular building, with a church in the centre, and a fountain from whence the water is conducted by fourteen apertures; and as the legends of the place have determined that Christ himself drank from

one of them, the pilgrims drink from them all, to secure the certainty of their having tasted the particular source which had thus acquired its peculiar sanctity. The church is a large, handsome structure, adorned with various paintings and enrichments: it suffered much in the French revolution; but the image of the Virgin, which it still possesses, attracts a devotion that continues to support and maintain it. The place enjoys a considerable trade in rosaries, crosses, images, ribbons, and other religious emblems; which, having touched the sacred figure, are supposed by the devout purchasers to possess a miraculous effect. Mass is here performed with various organs and superior ceremony. The library is considerable; and the museum of natural curiosities is worthy of attention.

We now proceeded to Rapperschwyl, a small town at the distance of about nine miles, in the canton of St. Gall, and plea-

santly situated on a tongue of land on the eastern side of the upper part of the lake of Zurich, for which place we here embarked. It was a voyage of five leagues: the shores of the lake, which is thirty miles in length, and about four in breadth, were bordered by low hills, covered with villages, gardens, and vineyards. Zurich is situated at the head of it; but whose exterior appearance offers nothing remarkable on the approach from the water. The cathedral, with its towers, rises above the other buildings: the town-house and assembly-rooms are handsome, and fitted up in a style suited to their respective objects: the public walks on the ramparts, and among the neighbouring villas, are very delightful. The city extends a considerable way round the head of the lake, from which the Limmat, a limpid stream, issues into the interior parts: the best view of the city is behind it, to the north, forming a fine object of

itself in front ; the noble lake, for several leagues on both sides, sprinkled with buildings and low hills above them, with the line of Alps in the distance. The public library is rich in its editions of the classics ; and among other works of interest and curiosity are the three Latin letters from lady Jane Grey to Bullinger, one of the earliest reformers, in 1551, 1552, and 1553 : they are written with her own hand, and prove the extraordinary acquirements of that ever-lamented and accomplished woman, at the early age of sixteen. In other libraries are also many scarce and curious works, particularly such as are connected with the history of the reformation ; an event which here made its earliest appearance, as Zurich was among the first places that separated from the church of Rome. We visited the house of the celebrated Gesner, where his widow and daughter reside, and sell his works : we likewise saw the man-







Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published March 21840, by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by R. Goodall.

FALL OF THE RHINE  
AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.

sion of Lavater, the church in which he preached, and the monument erected to his memory. The general business of the place, and the navigation of the lake, were at this time increased by the fair, which occasions a mercantile resort from all parts of Germany.

SEPTEMBER 11.—We set off to visit the fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen, at the distance of about twenty-four miles. The country does not offer a very picturesque appearance, as it consists of little more than low hills, covered with pines and cultivated plains. We crossed the Rhine at Eglisau, by a covered, wooden bridge: in our way thither, we passed the village of Kloten, where ancient memorials have been found to prove that the eleventh Roman legion had been stationed there. On our advancing to the village of Luffen, a thundering noise announced our approach to the fall. We left the road; and having passed some

fields to the right, this magnificent scene broke upon our view. A vast body of the river appears rolling towards us over rocks, till it arrives at the precipice, down which it falls with astonishing roar : large rocks, covered with small trees, divide the fall, of eighty feet perpendicular, into three parts ; two of which are very near each other : the impetuous waters, the crafty impediments, the intermingling foam, the clouds of spray, and the terrific hollow noise, with other awful circumstances of this indescribable scene, conveyed astonishment to every sense employed in contemplating it. The village, with the chateau of Luffen, stands upon the right, in the face of it, with mills to the left, and low hills behind it : a small gallery under it offers a sublime view of the fearful cataract. Here the river runs through a valley, enclosed in high banks ; and a small house stands in the water, where there is a panorama

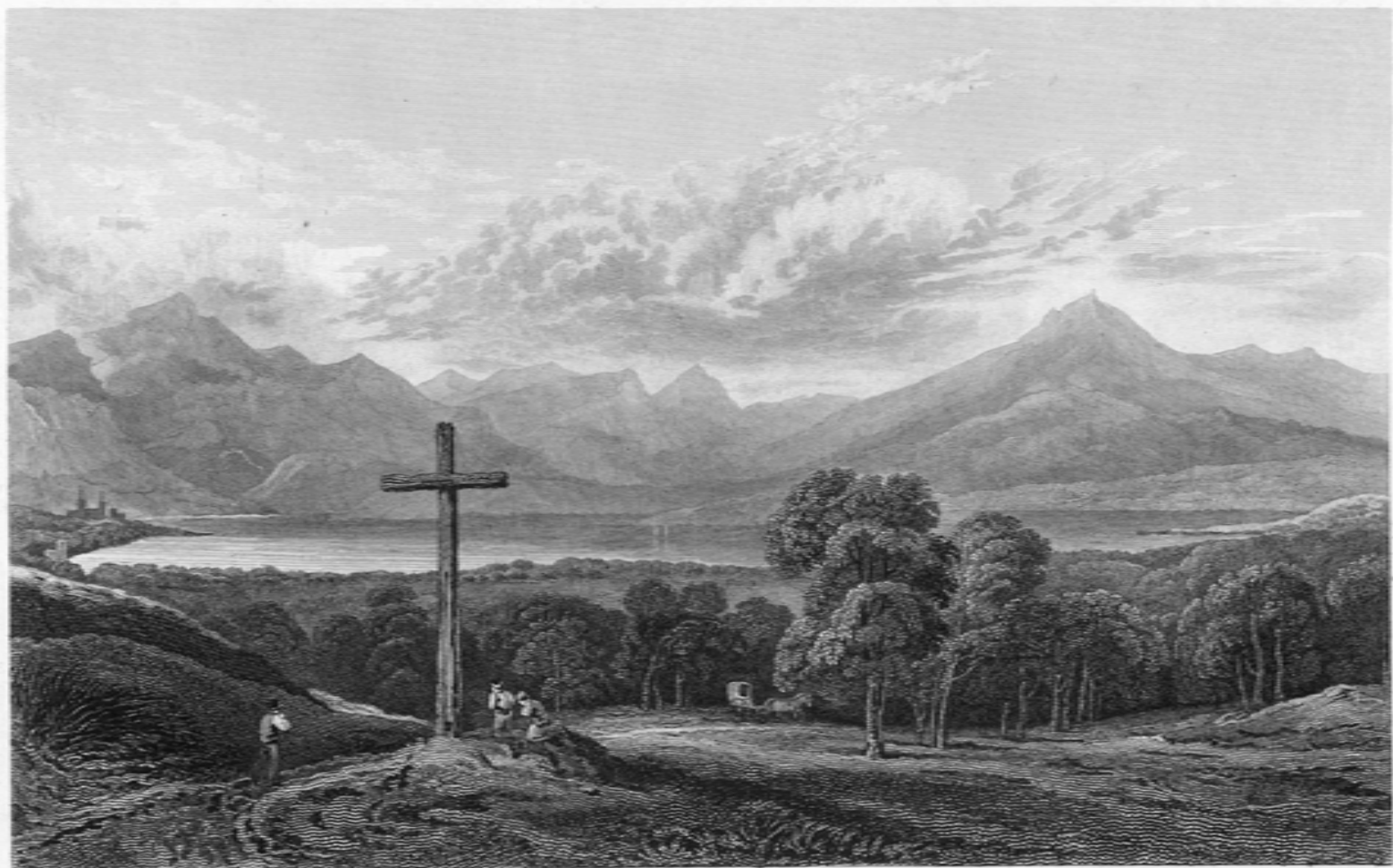
view of the fall; nor should we forget the beautiful rainbow that, for a considerable time, enlivened the scene with its brilliance.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Schaffhausen is situated on the northern shore of the Rhine, and is tolerably well built: the exterior of many of the houses, as in other parts of Switzerland, is decorated with paintings. It has its cathedral, libraries, public walks, and other distinctions belonging to its rank, as the capital of a canton; though the least of those into which Switzerland is divided. The most extraordinary object that this place offered to the curiosity of travellers exists no more: it was the superb wooden bridge, constructed in 1758, by a self-taught architect, and destroyed by the French in 1799, when they were driven from Schaffhausen by the Austrians. We now proceeded to Baden, a small town in the canton of Argovie, on the banks of the river Limmat, and

famous for its baths, which were known in the time of the Romans, as Tacitus describes them: the number of bathers is considerable, as this is the only place in Switzerland where plays are permitted. Near Baden are the interesting ruins of the castle of Hapsburgh, which has been considered as the cradle of the house of Austria; as Rodolph of Hapsburgh, from a simple baron of Switzerland, became emperor, and founded it.

SEPTEMBER 13.—We left Baden for Zurich, a distance of four leagues. The Limmat flowed on our left, with the convent of Wettinger on its banks. Here the way was enlivened by groups of pilgrims on their pious journey to Einselden.

SEPTEMBER 15.—We proceeded from Zurich to Zoug in a carriage; and the road along the lake was replete with beauty. In an hour we began to ascend Mount Albis, from the top of which we had an extensive prospect of the whole lake of



Drawn by Major Cockburn.

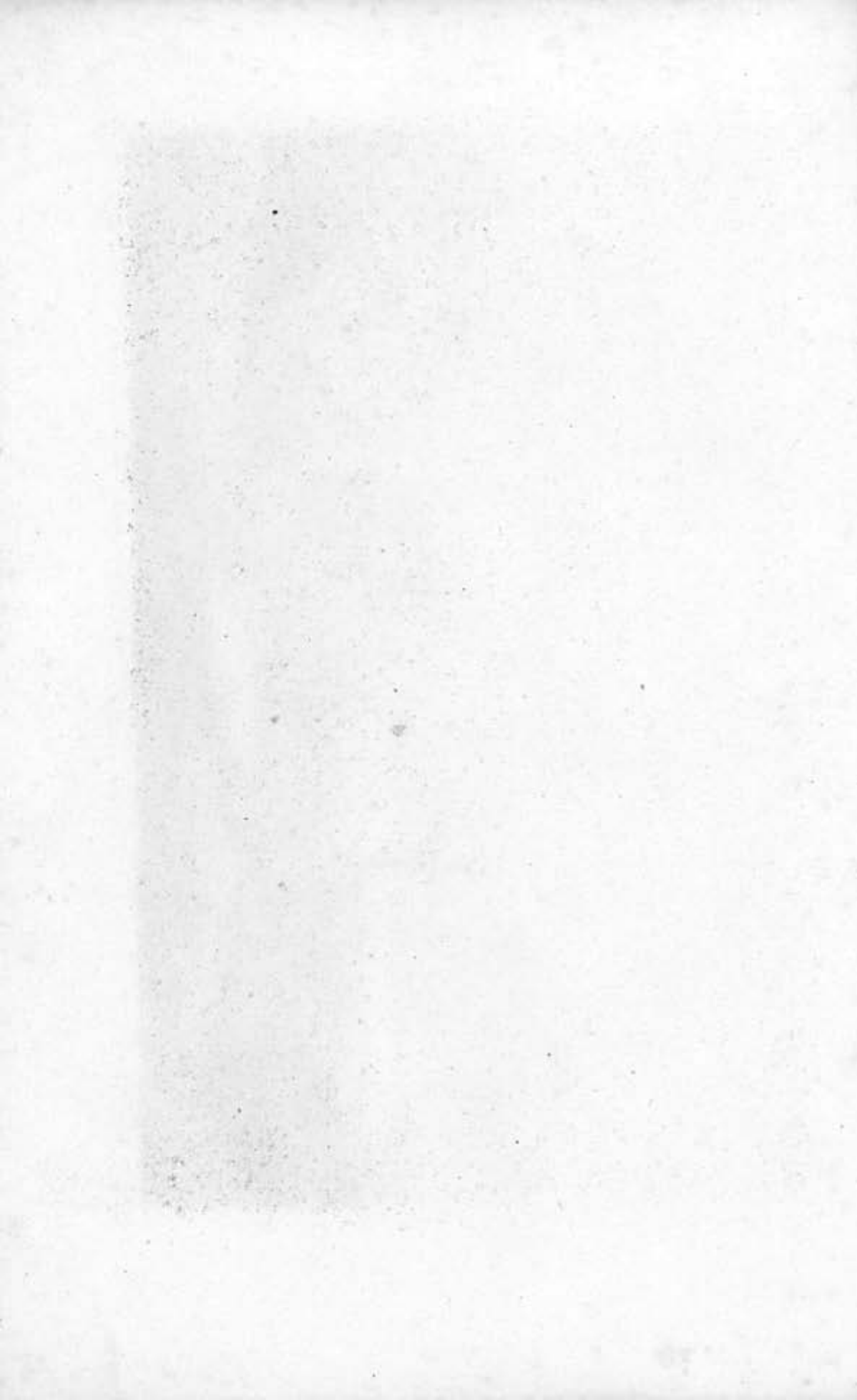
London, Published May 1. 1811, by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

LAKE OF EUG.

Printed by R. H. B. 1811.









Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published by J. & J. Roberts, 11, Strand.

Engraved by E. H. H. H.

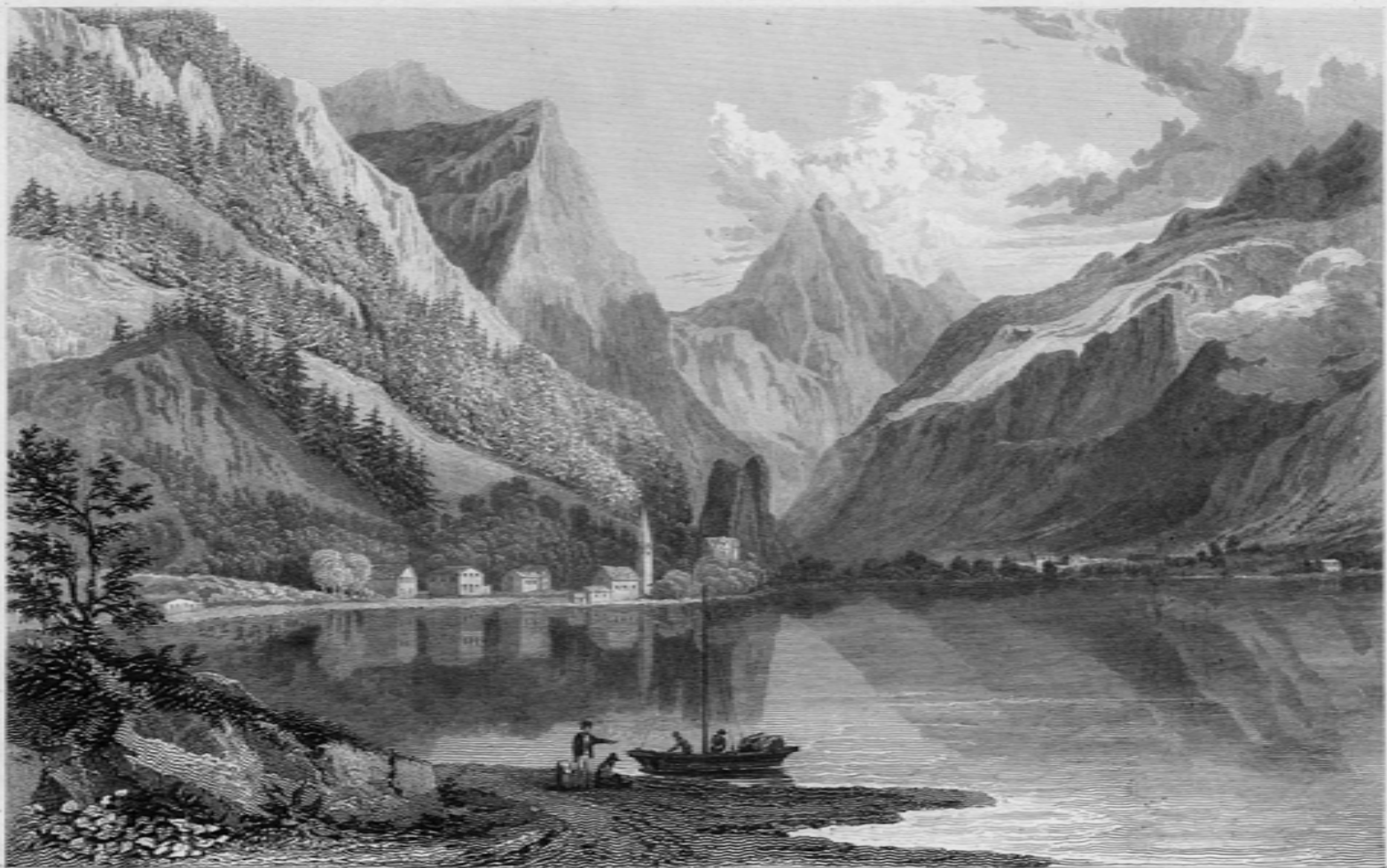
LAKE OF LOWERT.

Zurich, the city at one end, with Rapperschwyl and the Alps at the other. The descent upon Zoug offered one of the finest imaginable prospects: the road was lined with beautiful trees; at the bottom a fine plain, and the lake of Zoug in the middle distance, with the Righi, and a glorious range of the Alps behind it, comprehending the Jungfrau and other mountains. At noon we arrived at Zoug, the capital of the canton, delightfully situated on the side of a lake, in a rich, highly cultivated country: it is surrounded by a wall, and is of a handsome appearance, to which the church is no small addition; and all the fine objects around it are contributory to its prospects. We walked along the left bank, which was an entire orchard, to Art, and then repassed our former way to Schweitz.

SEPTEMBER 16.—We continued our progress to Brunnen and Altdorf: the valley through which we passed is lined

with villages and their cultivation, and surrounded by mountains. This former village is celebrated for the treaty between Ury, Schweitz, and Underwalden, which gave birth to the Helvetic confederacy : it stands upon the bank of the lake of Lucerne, looking up that part of it called the Lake of Ury, and down that part of it, where Gerisau, the smallest republic in Europe, is situated. The church of Brunnen is a fine structure, in the centre of the place ; and the houses are dispersed about the inequalities of its surface, among their gardens and meadows. It requires a more than common power of imagination to conceive the landscape magnificence and grandeur of the lake of Ury ; combining a large expanse of water, enclosed with enormous mountains of the finest forms, and huge precipices of rocks jutting forward in all possible varieties of shape, position, and colour, and clothed with forests from their sum-





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London. Published Sept. 1830. by Rudolph & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by T. Goodall.

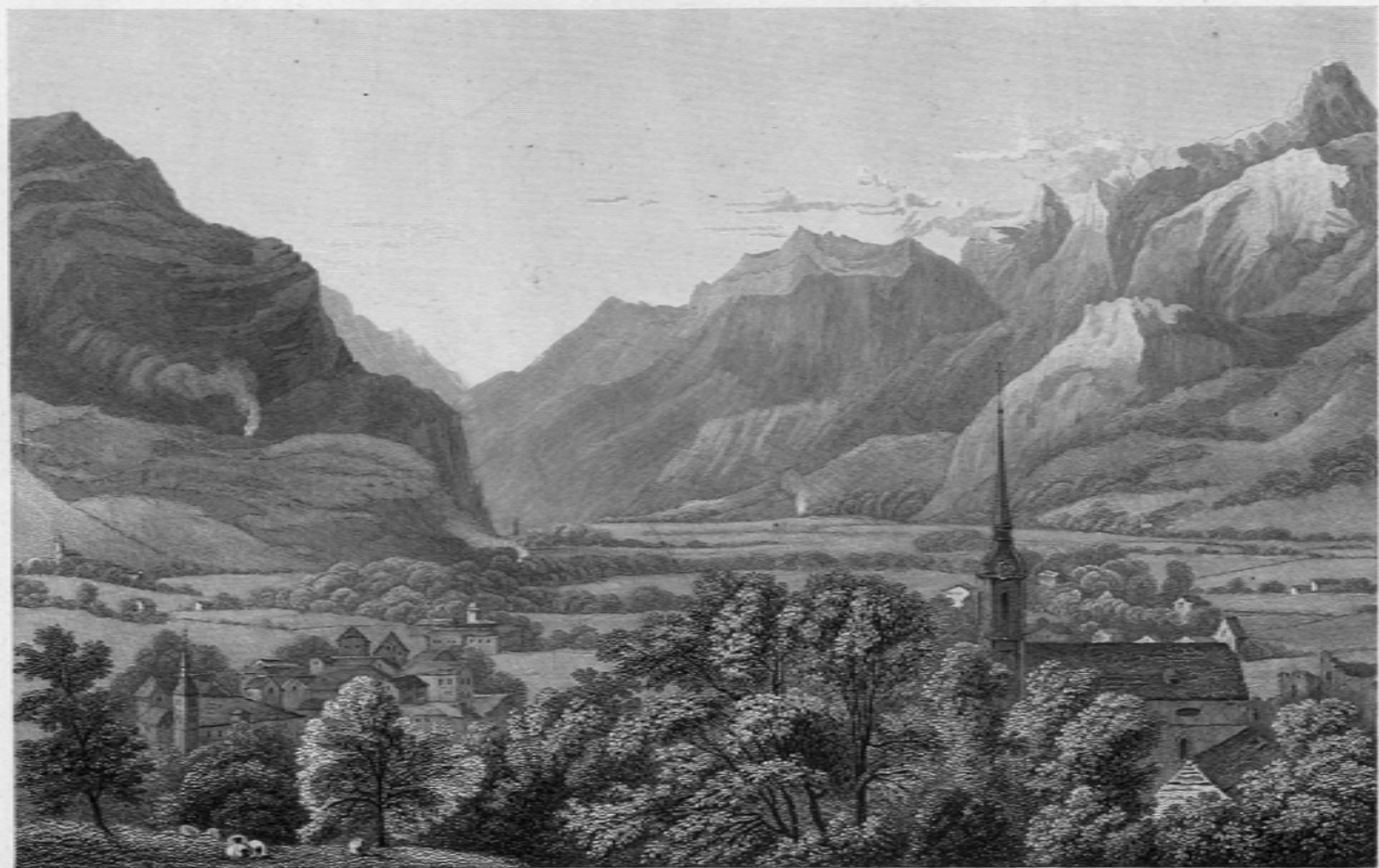
FLUMMEN.



mits to their base; while the lake itself possesses a transparency, that affords an uninterrupted reflection to the whole. Such was the picture that awakened our extreme admiration: nor, in examining this splendid scene of nature, could we detach our thoughts from the important events, sacred to patriotism and to liberty, which took place around it. We passed the village of Grutuli, near which the three heroes of Switzerland are said to have taken reciprocal oaths of fidelity, when they planned the famous revolution. We landed at Tell's chapel, the part he leaped upon from Gesner the governor's boat, in which he was being conveyed as a prisoner to Kussnacht: he afterwards waylaid the governor in his passage across the mountains, and killed him. The several actions of William Tell are coarsely painted on the walls of the chapel. We passed Fluelen, a village at the end of the lake, and, a mile and a half beyond it, reached

Altdorf, the capital of the canton of Uri. Some years since, this place was in a great measure destroyed by fire: in the middle of it is a large tower, whose walls are decorated with the grand national subject; and it is supposed to occupy the spot where the tree stood, on which the governor's hat was suspended, to which every one was tyrannically ordered to pay homage. A fountain, with the figure of Tell, is represented also as occupying the spot where he is recorded to have shot the apple from the head of his son. The church is handsome; and a chapel beneath it contains boxes of bones and skulls, with the names of those to whom they belonged inscribed on them; a custom that prevails in other parts of Switzerland. The Swiss are so enamoured of William Tell, that every transaction which history or fable relates of his life is perpetuated by some memorial.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Invited by the fine



Drawn by Major Colburn.

London, Published July 1819 by Rudolph & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

ALTORF FROM THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT.

PASS BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS LEADS TO ITALY.





Drawn by Major Cookson.

London Published Separately by Robert & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by G. Corbould.

**BURGLEW.**

CANTON OF URI.







THE DUTCH.

Engraving by C. L. B. G.

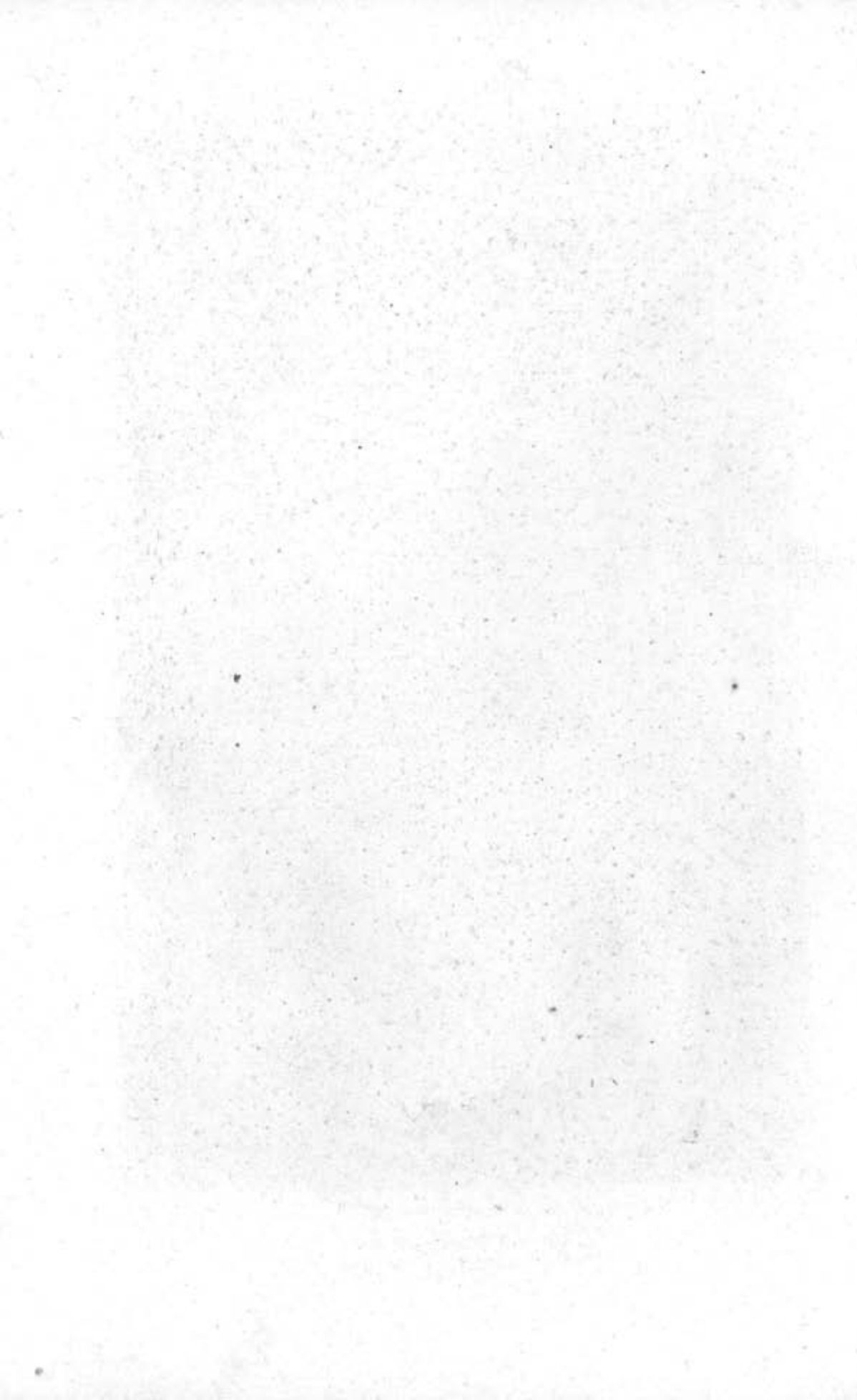
Engraving by C. L. B. G.

Engraving by C. L. B. G.











Drawn by Major Costello.

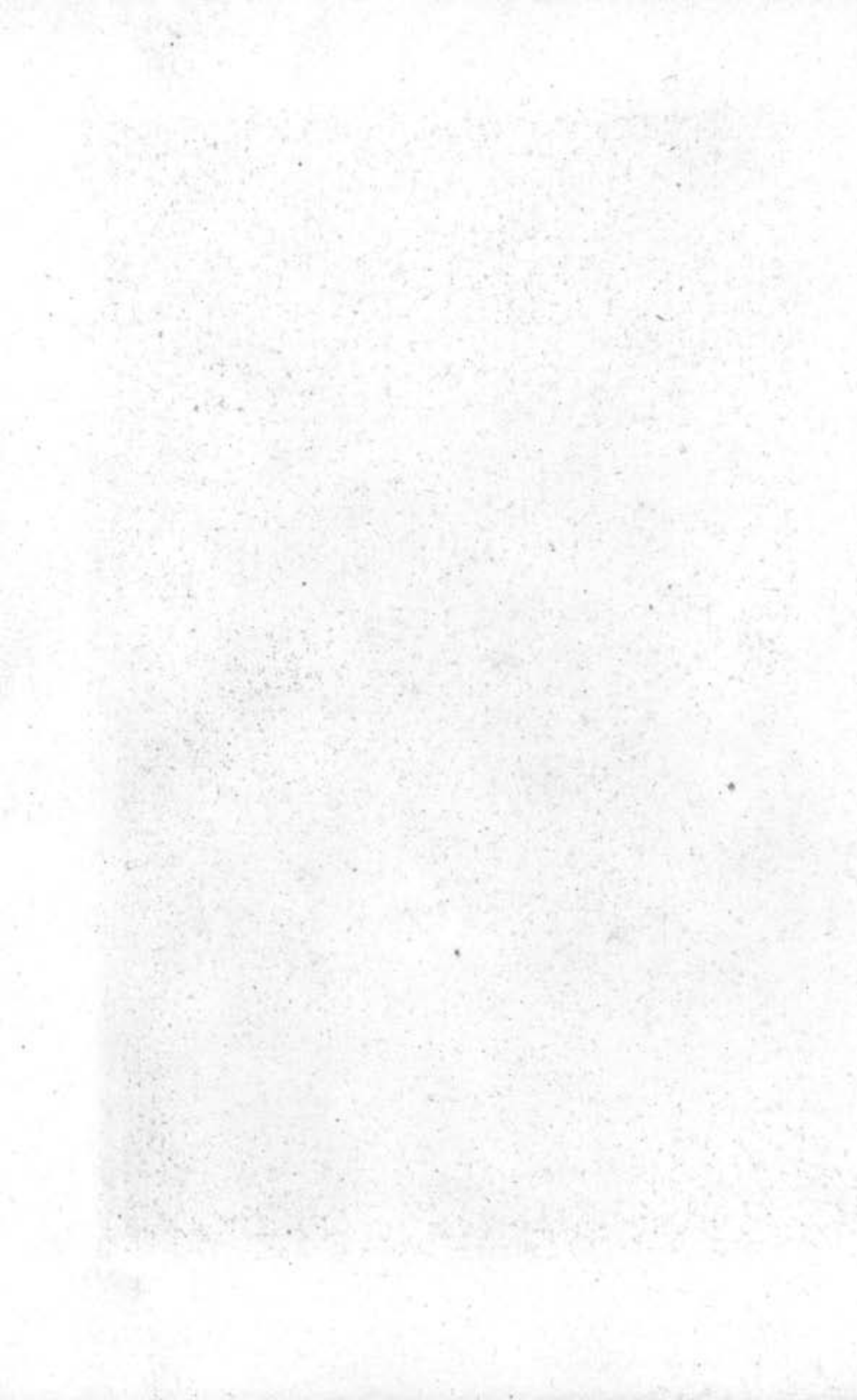
London, Published March 1840, by Robert A. Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Westwood.

# PFAPPENSPRUNG.

A BRIDGE OVER THE REUSS BELOW WAREN.

Printed by B. M. Brown.







Drawn by Major Goddard.

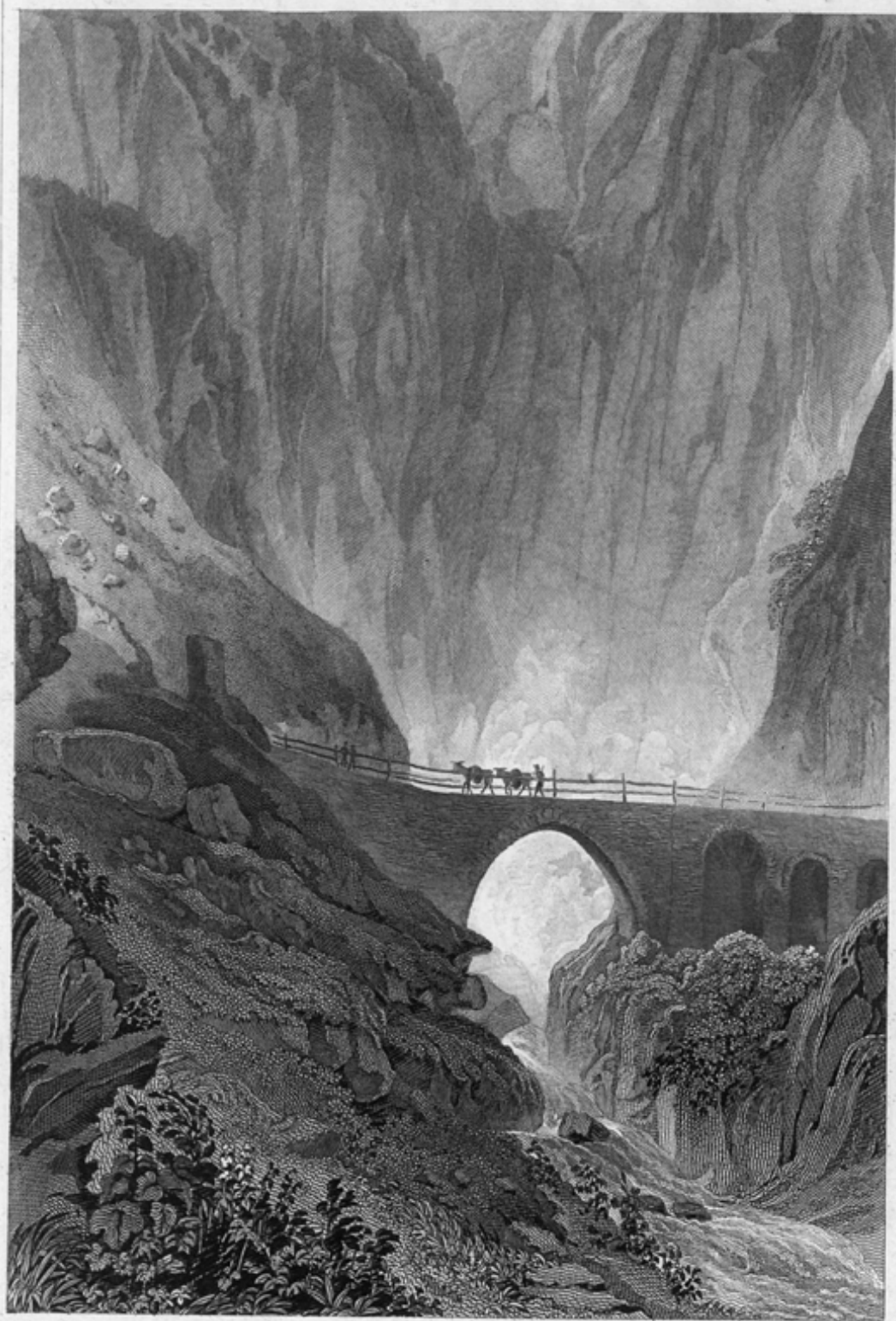
London, Published first, after by Rodell & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

VILLAGE OF GOSHIENY.

BETWEEN WOLSEN AND THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published May 1840, by Jodrell & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Printed by A. W. Leitch.



weather, we determined to pass St. Gothard. The first part of our road was through a fertile plain, to which the various objects of Alpine grandeur succeeded ; and nature began to assume her horrors.\* The following day we stopped at Wasen, a village in the centre of the valley, which soon after became indescribably wild and barren, while mountains enclosed us on every side ; and after frequently crossing the river Reuss, we came to a deep chasm, over which an arch is thrown, which, from the stupendous horrors that surround it, has been denominated the Devil's Bridge. On leaving this terrific spot, we began to ascend, and passed through a gallery cut in the solid rock, which terminates in an extensive plain, environed with mountains, and the village of Andermatt, at the foot of one of them, where the pass that leads from Coire and Furca is visible. About a

\* The village of Amstadt partakes of this character.

mile farther is Hopital, another village, with an old castle standing near it. Here the ascent of Mont St. Gothard commences: the whole way is paved, and the valley much wider than that leading to the Devil's Bridge: the scene was that of rude and solitary grandeur, enlivened, perhaps, by a cottager, with a few cattle and a drove of mules, passing from Italy. As you advance, two or three small lakes present themselves, and a wretched house called the Hospice, formerly the residence of Hospitable Monks; but the French having ruined it, at present it is become a public house of the lowest order. The descent to Italy possesses all the awful accompaniments of Alpine grandeur: it is a scene of surrounding sterility; pyramidal mountains rise above the road; and the dangers of the passage, from a fall of snow during the spring season, were every where apparent. At seven in the evening, after a walk of thirty miles, over high



Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published July 1. 1810 by Roberts & Martin, The Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

PASS NEAR AIKHOLO.

CANTON OF TESCIN.



mountains, and through stony roads, we reached Ariolo, at the beginning of the Levantine valley, where the accommodations differed greatly from those to which we had been accustomed.

SEPTEMBER 19.—We renewed our route for Giornicho. In about two miles, the road passes between lofty rocks, of various forms, with trees and shrubs scattered over them, and the Tessino flowing between them. Mountains rear their heads in addition to the view; and looking retrospectively, the St. Gothard is one of them. In about two hours, we reached the pass of Dazio Grande: a public house stands at the entrance, where a contribution is levied for passing the bridge, and considered as an admission to the scenery which succeeds: it affords no adequate compensation for a display of so much landscape grandeur and beauty. The whole way to Faido, the next place on the route, presented a succession of beauty; and be-



fore we arrived at Giornicho, a bridge was passed, which, from all its terrific circumstances, vied with the scenery in the Dazio Grande. From Giornicho, we proceeded through a succession of villages; and at Castiglione we had a fine view of the valley of Misocco, and the Grison mountains. We now approached Bellinzona, capital of the canton of Tessin, and whose situation is at once picturesque and beautiful. Three castles, which are named Altdorf, Schweitz, and Ury, with their walls descending from a chain of hills, are in front of the city; and finely formed mountains rise behind and on each side of them. The river Tessino runs on the right, in the valley, and shortly empties itself into the Lago Maggiore. Its church and its bridge are handsome structures; and from a height above the city, there is a commanding view of the place itself, the plain in which it stands, and the lake that waters it.



Drawn by Major Cordier.

London, Published for the Proprietors by Robert & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chubbuck.

BELLINZONA.





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published July 1804, by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Ashby.

WILLIAMS & SON.

CANTON OF URI.







Drawn by Major Cockburn.

London, Published July 1846, by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by Chas. Ashby.

# DACIO GRANDE.

CANTON OF TESSIN.

Printed by A. Leese & Co.







Drawn by Major Cockburn.

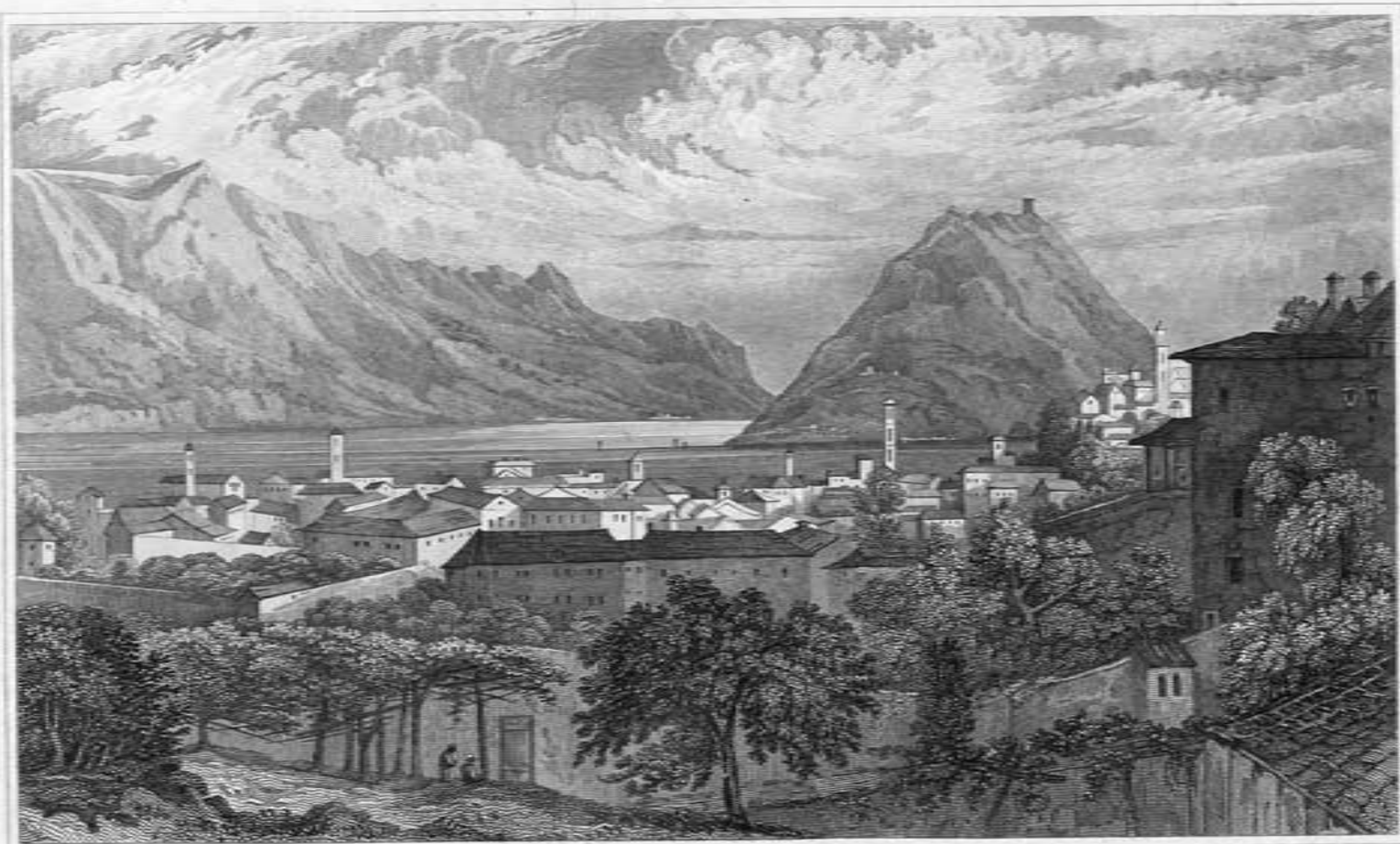
London, Published by Robert & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by G. H. Wallis.

ST GOTTHARD.

FROM BELOW ARIOLD.





Drawn by Miss G. G. G.

London Published Sept. 1841 by Roberts & Martin, No. 21, Strand.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

LUGANO.

Printed by W. G. G.

We resumed our journey for Lugano, situated on the northern bank of the lake which bears its name, and is a considerable town of the canton of Tessin. It assumes the form of a crescent round a bay, with the mountain of St. Salvador, clothed with forests, and forming a peninsula by its projection into the lake. Though its elevation is not more than 1980 feet above the water beneath, it commands a prospect of uncommon beauty. To the east, the north, and the west, its views comprehend the various summits of the Alps from the Valais to the Grisons ; while to the south the immense plains of Lombardy are displayed, over which, in serene weather, the spires of Milan may be discovered, between the mountains of St. George and the Desert. On the land side Lugano is backed with hills, rising in gentle swells to a considerable height, enlivened with villages, and interspersed with woodlands : indeed, few places can vie with this for

the pleasing variety of its picturesque objects. The houses are chiefly of stone, and in a handsome style of architecture. The cathedral is in an elevated situation above the town, and whose principal entrance is admired for its ornamental sculpture. Its terrace also commands a delightful prospect. The other churches and convents possess paintings which are not unworthy of particular attention. The view of the town from the lake bears a miniature resemblance to that of Naples, and the environs are enriched with villas and gardens, presenting a forest scene of fragrance and of fruitage, composed of the olive, the citron, the orange, and the almond tree.

We now returned into the great road that leads to St. Gothard, and passed along a valley, enclosed by two walls of mountains clothed with wood, but too regular in their appearance to attract particular attention. We then proceeded to Soazza,

a small town in the valley of Misocco, leading to the Bernardine Alps, a route to Italy, but not so much frequented as that of the Splugen. We crossed the Furcula: it is a mountain about six or seven thousand feet in height: and when we had gained the precipice which overhangs Soazza, the whole country appeared like a map beneath us. We then passed over a valley, in which were a few peasants' huts, till at length, by a steep winding path, we reached the top; and so seldom was it visited, that if our directions had not been very accurate, we should, probably, have lost our way. So rare is the appearance of a stranger in these remote parts, that the peasants whom we encountered, and who only attend their cattle to pasture during three or four of the summer months, expressed no small marks of astonishment when we approached them; but they at the same time displayed the genuine hospitality of their character, by the dissatisfaction they ex-



pressed when we offered to remunerate them for their pastoral refreshments.

Chiavenna is a small town, the capital of the county of the same name. It is imbedded, as it were, in mountains, one third of which is covered with woods or vineyards: the surrounding prospect, therefore, must be confined; but it possesses, nevertheless, a certain character of grandeur. It derives its principal support from being a leading communication between Germany and the Milanese. The inhabitants rear great quantities of silk-worms, and of course the article they produce is exported or manufactured by them. The principal object of curiosity in the environs is a ruined fortress, seated upon the summit of a rock which overlooks the town, once celebrated for its impregnable strength. The road from Chiavenna to Isola is a continued ascent, abounding in beauty, and shaded with woods of chestnut.

We now proceeded to cross the Splugen,

a lofty mountain in the Grison country, and which affords the most frequented road from Germany to Italy. From Isola, the last place on the Italian side of the mountain, the ascent is steep and rugged to the summit, while the torrent of the Lira roars from precipice to precipice in stupendous cataracts. The road is hewn in the solid rock : in many places it has the appearance of steps ; in others it is perforated through the mountain ; not unfrequently resembling the difficulties and dangers of the Gemmi. Towards the summit is an oval plain, about two miles long and one broad, encircled with craggy points. It produces no trees, but yields a rich pasturage. Near the summit are rude blocks of a white marble. On the descent firs appeared to be thinly scattered over the rocks, which gradually thickened into large forests. The descent on the Italian side is much steeper, and possesses more variety than that towards the

Grisons: but, after all, the passage of the Splügen did not, in point of grandeur or beauty of character, answer the expectation which we had formed, from the descriptions which we had heard and read of it. On our descent we passed on about seven miles by the side of a branch of the Rhine, through a mountainous region, which presents at every step the most magnificent scenery; and soon after we entered the *Via Mala*, so called, it may be supposed, from the dangers attending its passage, as related by the old writers, or from its peculiar gloom; for the road through is a very good one for Switzerland. The valley is so narrow, that it seems as if the rocks which enclose it had been rent in two, leaving a space little more than sufficient to admit the Rhine in its foamy passage. This darksome dell is about two leagues in length, and the road is cut along the side with great labour. It crosses the river twice by two

bridges, which seem suspended in air, being upwards of two hundred feet above the river.

After a walk of about two hours, we reached Tüsis, one of the best built towns in the country of the Grisons. It is situated at the foot of the Heinsenberg, a mountain remarkable for its fertility and beauty. From hence it is a short day's journey to Reichenau, a small village situate at the confluence of the two main sources of the Rhine, with a most magnificent hill rising behind it, something like the High Tor at Matlock in Derbyshire, but on a gigantic scale. We now ascended a hill called the Gunkels, which gratified the eye with its prospects; but our way before the village of Valtis presented a scene of indescribable confusion, from the ruin occasioned by avelanches, one of which was the most tremendous I had yet seen. It had fallen from a vast height, and had torn up at least an hundred

fir trees, which had been broken to pieces by the violence of their descent. It formed, with its mingled stones and large masses of earth, one of the most confused objects of ruin that can be imagined.

Valtis is situated at the foot of the Gullanda, a mass of rocks heaped together in all manner of shapes, and about seven thousand feet high; and after passing through a narrow valley, we descended an immense rock by a kind of winding staircase to the baths of Pfeffers.

They are situated in a narrow, deep valley, shaded on one side by beeches and firs, through which pathways are cut for amusement or communication; and where it terminates, there are two long buildings, capable of accommodating two or three hundred persons, with a chapel between them. They are built on a kind of rock, with the river Tamina running beneath them. It is not above ten or twelve feet wide, and on the other side of it rises a

rock, 660 feet in perpendicular height ; on the top of which is a small wooden house, from whence ropes descend to baths, by which bottles of water are drawn up, and distributed to the surrounding country. Hills arise to a great height on each side, but with a gradual slope. At a small distance above the baths, the valley becomes so contracted as to have the appearance of a dismal cavern, through which the river may have worn its way during a lapse of ages. At the upper end of it, the medicinal spring gushes from the side of the rock. The water at its source is about 98 degrees, and is supposed to lose two in its conveyance through pipes to the baths. The passage through this chasm is altogether alarming. For near a quarter of a mile, a kind of foot-way has been formed, consisting of two deal planks, each about nine inches wide, which derive their only support from projecting pieces of rock, or iron cramps. This giddy,

trembling path leads to the spring; and, as there is no rail of any kind, a false step must be inevitably followed by a plunge into the river below. There was very little company at the place during our visit. Three ladies, four Benedictine monks, to whose abbey the baths belong, a Franciscan monk, the director, and ourselves, formed the whole society. The dinner hour is half past eleven, and that of supper half past six. The baths are considered as efficacious in curing the gout, rheumatism, and cutaneous disorders. The water is transparent, free from smell or taste, and of the warmth of milk when first drawn from the cow. We remained here three days.

Our next visit was to Sargans, a small town in the canton of St. Gall, and is situate on the high road from the borders of the lake of Wallenstadt to the canton of the Grisons. The lake is about twelve miles in length and two in breadth, is

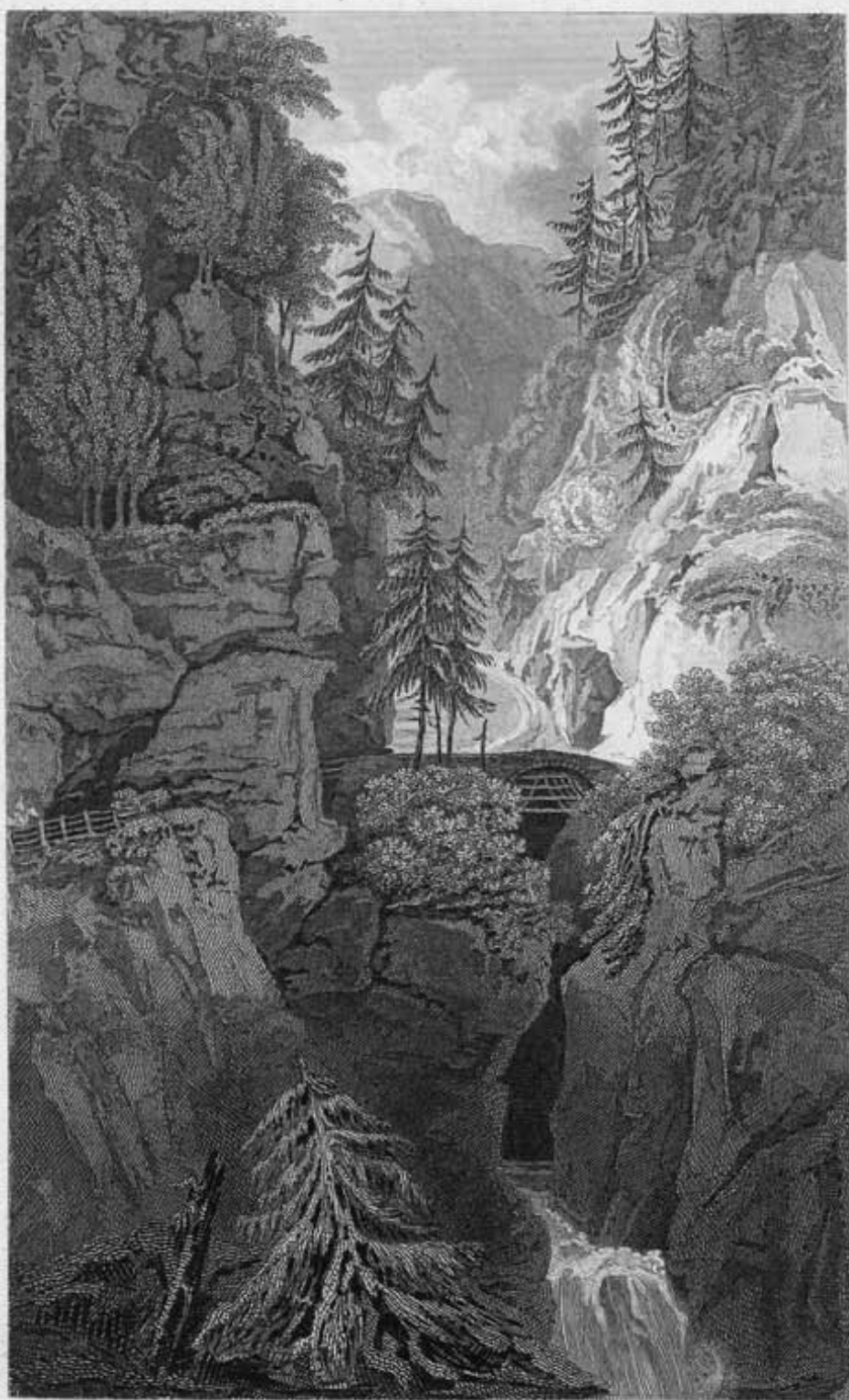


bounded by mountains, except to the east and west, and their descent is so abrupt to the water, as to render it difficult to land but in a very few places. At the upper or eastern end is the village of Wallenstadt, and at the lower or western extremity is that of Wesen. The scenery of the lake is wild and picturesque, and affords a perpetual variety of beautiful and romantic pictures. On the side of the canton of Glaris the mountains are enriched with wood or meadows, and sprinkled with the habitations of the peasant, or with villages and their spires, the Alps of Glaris rising behind, whose summits are crowned with snow. On the other side the rocks are rude, craggy, and in many places inaccessible, with a few cultivated necks of land at the bottom of this wild scenery, and forming a very impressive contrast to it. The water of the lake is clear and deep, and is said never to be subject to any freezing influence.

Water-falls, produced by the melting of the snow on the heights, appear in different parts, and in all the variety of gentle streams or noisy torrents, to pay their tribute to the mass of water that receives them.

We now proceeded to St. Gallen, a town on the river Steinach, its position being between two mountains, at a small distance from the lake of Constance, and derives its name from the ancient abbey within its walls. It is surrounded with bleaching-grounds, and is an active scene of linen manufacture. The neighbouring mountains possess magnificent prospects.

Constance is delightfully situated on the Rhine, between two lakes, and is a melancholy example of the change which takes place in all human affairs and earthly circumstance. This city was once considerable from its commercial opulence, and has added important events to the page of history, particularly in the eccle-



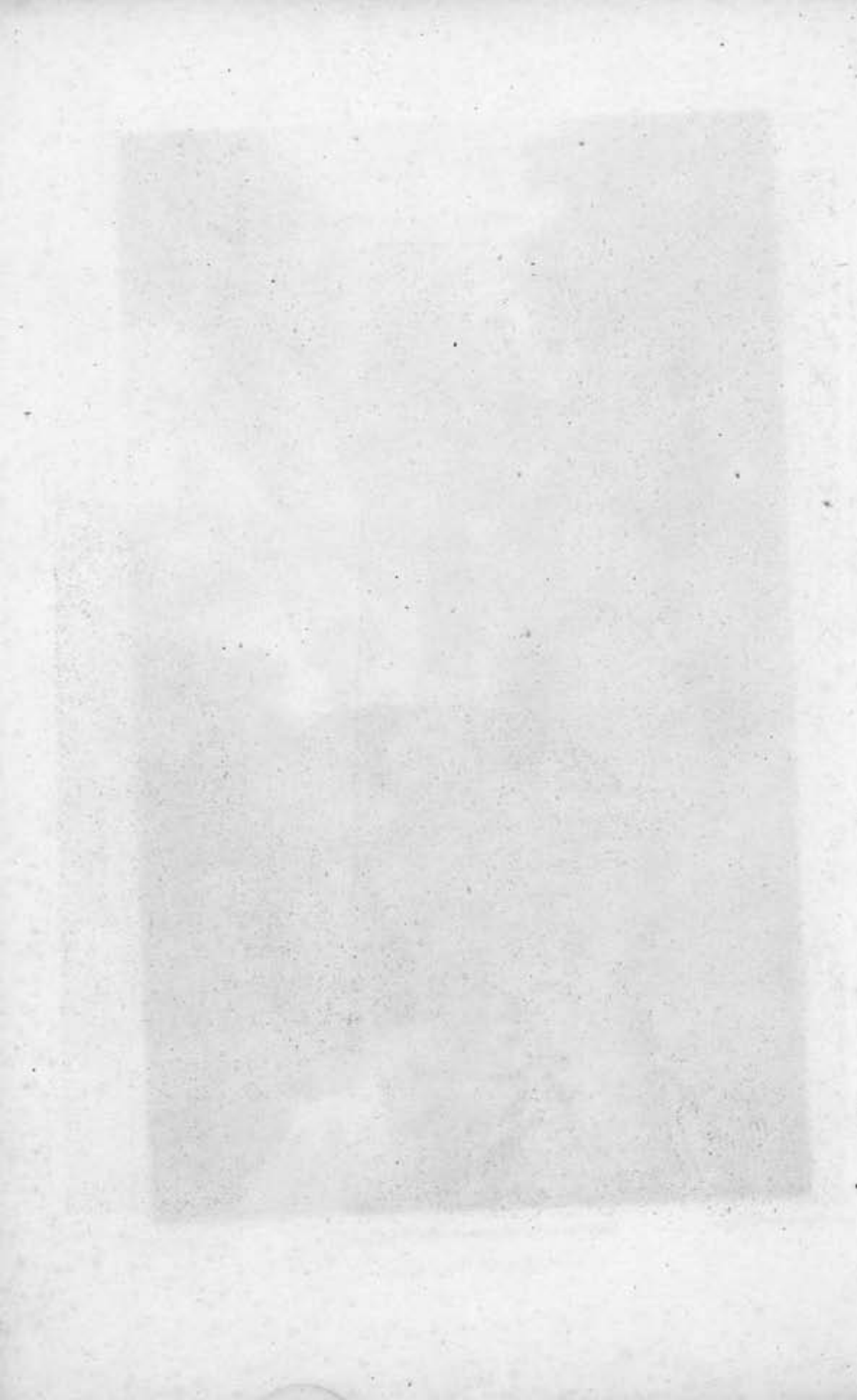
Drawn by Major Cockburn.

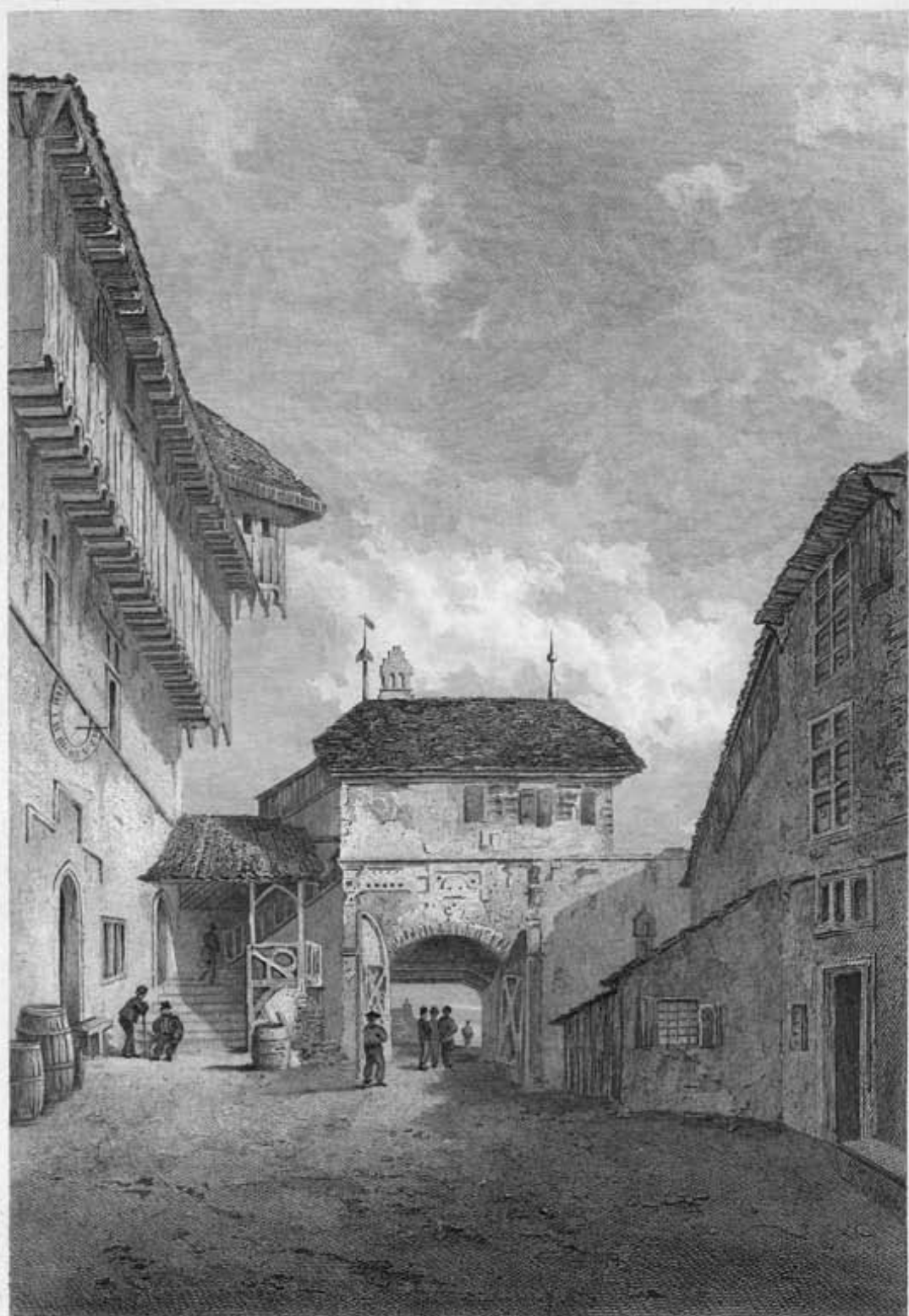
London, Published Nov. 2. 1836. by Roberts & Martin, New Bond Street.

Engraved by C. Almy.

VIEW IN THE VRA MALLA.

*Printed by R. B. Smith*





Drawn by Major Cockburn.

Engraved by J. H. St. John.

Engraved by J. H. St. John.

# GATE OF CONSTANCE.

Printed by J. H. St. John.





siastical and religious contests of the fifteenth century : but it now has the aspect of a place almost deserted, and is visited only for the beauty of its situation, or as an object of historical curiosity. The chamber where the council of Constance was held in 1415, and the chairs in which Pope John XXIII. and the Emperor Sigismund sat on that memorable occasion, do not fail to attract the attention of travellers. The cathedral contains many beautiful examples of ornamental sculpture in the Gothic taste, both in wood and stone ; while, from the top of it, there is a fine view of the two lakes, with snowy peaks of the Tyrolese Alps. The superior lake is about fifteen leagues in length and six in breadth. It contains two islands ; that of Meinau to the west, and that on which the town of Lindau is built, to the east. The northern and western shores are rather flat, bordered in parts by hills. Those of the east, the south, and south-east, are formed by rocks and mountains



of great height. This magnificent basin, encircled by Germany and Switzerland, offers an inexhaustible variety of beautiful pictures.

From Constance we skirted Switzerland, and reached Basle, which is beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine. It consists of two towns, joined by a long bridge: the large town lying on the side of Switzerland, and the small town on the opposite banks of the river. The cathedral is a handsome Gothic structure, and, among the remains and monuments of persons of high rank, birth, and distinction, it contains those of Erasmus, a name that will never die, while superior learning, wit, and virtue, are cherished in the remembrance of civilized man. Here he published the greatest part of his works; and here he closed his venerable life. In the public library are preserved his hanger and seal, several of his letters, and his last testament, written with his own hand. The public library contains

many rare and valuable editions, particularly those of the fifteenth century. Among its manuscripts are numerous letters of the first reformers, and an account of the proceedings of the council of Basle. The lovers of the fine arts will be here gratified with many original works from the pencil of Holbein, who was a native of Basle. The "Dance of Death," in the church-yard of the Predicants, has been erroneously attributed to this great painter; though it is probable they may have given the first hint of his celebrated drawings on the same subject. Jean Klauber is supposed to have been the original painter.

Here ended a Tour which afforded pleasures not easily expressed, and presented a succession of objects replete with beauty, sublimity, antiquarian research, and social interest: and may not the hope be indulged, without a justifiable charge of presumption, that this volume may

convey adequate ideas of them to the reader in his closet, instruct and relieve the Tourist in his passage among them, and restore accuracy to future recollections of them? With such an expectation, however, I shall venture to dismiss my delightful labours.



WY TELL'S CHAPEL AT KÜSSNACHT







